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The views expressed in this paper are not necessarily those of the Editorial staff unless so stated. Articles received have not been edited for form or content.

Editors note: The front cover picture was drawn by Gail Heneman.
The idea was by Kas Fehr.

Title of Drawing: Lady Novalee

EDITORIAL

Hi everyone, we're back, our apologies for not getting you a 'Tightwire' before now but the staffing has been difficult. Hopefully we'll publish 'Tightwire' on a regular basis now, so don't mail your cancellations!

As the new editor I hopefully will get things rolling again, all advice, criticisms, views and contributions are appreciated and needed.

Special thanks to Caryl Radcliffe and Heather Vettters for leaving me a dynamic paper to send to the printers. Caryl and Heather put the whole paper together before they decided to abdicate. Thanks ladies!

All this new talk of brotherhood! Does no one remember Cain and Abel? There are good brothers and evil brothers. The man I call my brother is the one who guards my back.

- Jean Le Malchanceux
(in the 12 century)

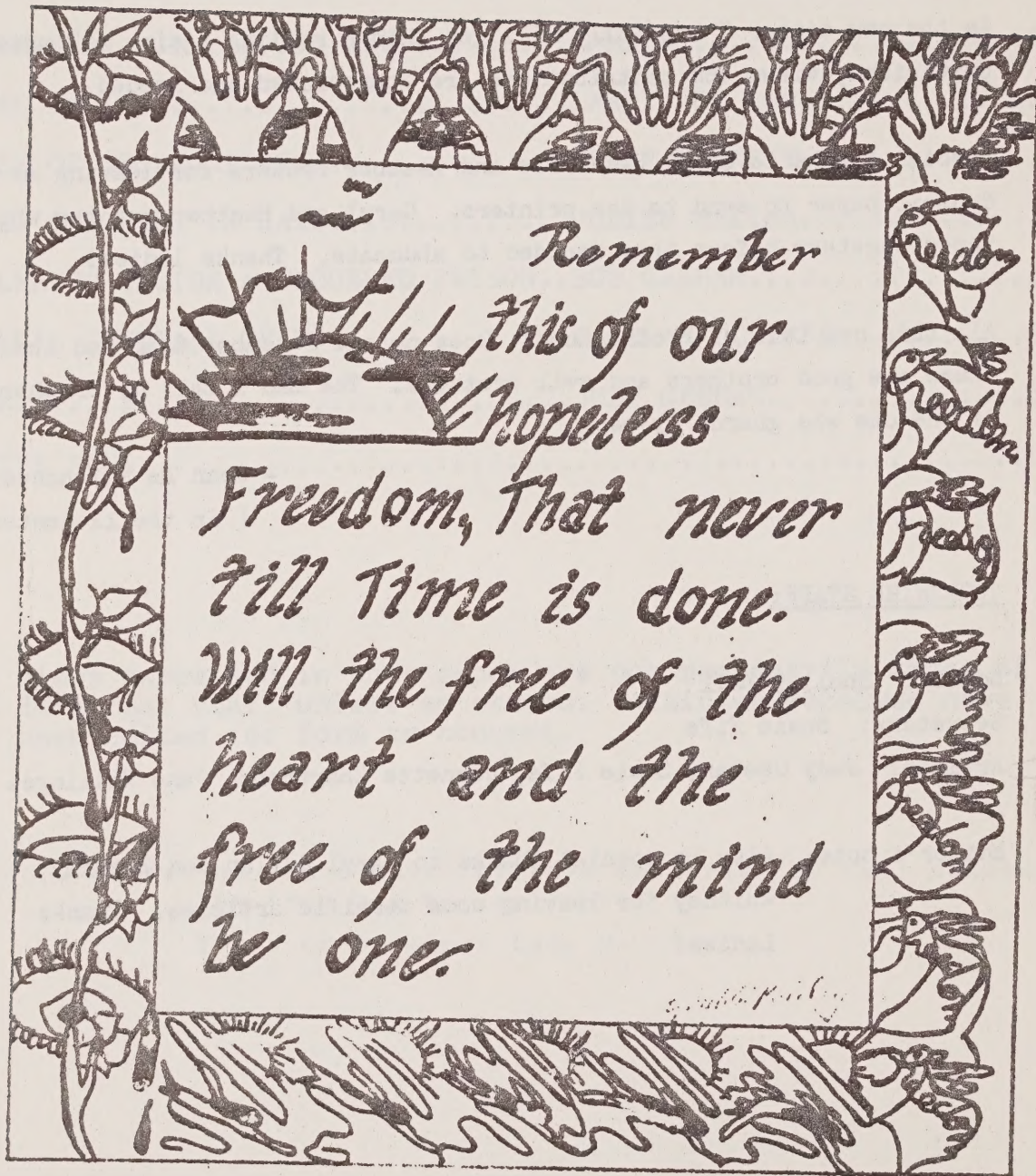
TIGHTWIRE STAFF:

Editor: Shelley Ball

Secretary: Susie Fife

Artists: Judy Geehan, Susie Fife, Jeanette Chartrand, Jane Billings.

Editor's note: Also in special thanks to Daryl Dollan and Beverly Whitney for leaving some terrific articles. Thanks Ladies!



Remember
this of our
hopeless
Freedom, That never
till Time is done.
Will the free of the
heart and the
free of the mind
be one.

The Elizabeth Fry Society in Vancouver is now providing a program for women seeking assistance in making decisions about employment, training programs and lifestyle options. Frywork is an 8 week pre-employment program which operates out of the Vancouver Elizabeth Fry office on a daily basis. There may be women in Kingston who will be returning or relocating to Vancouver in the upcoming months; Frywork may be the kind of supportive group needed to make the move creative.

The purpose of the program is to examine conscious lifestyle choices through increased self-awareness. Decisions related to employment are emphasized while participating in a group designed to develop confidence and set goals.

Participants are paid an hourly wage based on attendance; the group is composed of 10 - 12 members who make a commitment to support and challenge each other to learn and change. Participants have found Frywork to be an opportunity to share common concerns, honestly looking at ourselves and at our rights as women. As well, it has been a chance to look at the often discouraging issue of employment with greater awareness and renewed enthusiasm.

If you're moving to Vancouver, think about Frywork. It may be the right place at the right time. For information, contact: Imogene Jackson at:
96 E. Broadway,
Vancouver, B.C.



THE POWER OF WORDS

In order to shape a new vision of a better future, every social change movement discovers the need to create its own language and definitions. Language is related to power. The world is differently experienced, visualized and described by the powerful and the powerless. Thus, the vocabulary coined by those who design and control the prisons is "dishonest". Dishonest because it is based on a series of false assumptions. In creating a new system, we need to consciously abandon the jargon that camouflages the reality of caging and develop honest language as we build our movement.

Prisoners perceive the use of "systems" language as denying them the reality of their experience:

"Just the very fact that they call us "inmates"—that's like calling a Black a "nigger", or a Jew a "kike". It says that you are flawed; there's something wrong with you. You're an "inmate" and this is a hospital; this is going to make you well. Well, this isn't a hospital and I'm not flawed. I'm not an inmate. I'm not sick. And there's nothing here being done to make me any better."

-A prisoner, interviewed by Mike Wallace on "60 Minutes", CBS/TV, August 24, 1975,

In this handbook, we begin to define and use honest language. But, as with many new ideas, our tongues and brains often remain captives of the old system long after our hearts are committed to the new. To disengage ourselves, we record some of the words we choose to use in this book:

Abolitionist: Person who believes that prisons have failed. Person who advocates the abolition of prisons as a long term goal. Person who seeks to build the "caring community".

Abolitionist reforms: A reform which does not strengthen or legitimate the prevailing prison system.

Attrition model: A social change model which gradually restrains/ reduces the function of prisons in society.

Cage: Refers to places of involuntary confinement in prisons or jails. Dishonest language calls them "rooms" or "residences".

Caring community: Where power and equality of all social primary goods—liberty, opportunity, income and wealth and the bases of self-respect—are institutionally structured and distributed to all members of the community and where the spirit of reconciliation prevails.

Collective criminality: Reflects institutional assaults on whole social groups or on the public. Examples include racism, starvation, war and corporate pollution.

"Corrections": Use of quotes draws attention to the contradictions in this dishonest term, denoting programs, procedures or processes which punish rather than correct.

Criminal (in)justice systems: Denotes lack of justice in a series of procedures beginning with arrest and ending with release from prison or parole, which are not part of a single coherent system.

Decarceration: Modes of getting people out of prison. Also referred to as "depopulation".

Excarceration: Programs or procedures that move away from the notion of imprisonment as a response to lawbreaking.

Guards: Refers to people who are paid to keep other people caged in jails and prisons. Dishonest language calls them "correctional officers".

The moot: An informal airing of a dispute which takes place before neighbours and kin of the disputants. It is noncoercive and allows the disputants to discuss their problems in an atmosphere free from the questions of past fact and guilt.

Political: Refers to power and power relationships, especially power that is connected to the state. A "political choice" can refer to a course of action (or inaction) adopted when alternative courses of action are available.

Prisoner: A person held in custody, captivity or a condition of forcible restraint. Dishonest language calls them "inmates" or "residents".

Prisons: Places of confinement. Dishonest language calls them "correctional facilities" or "reformatories".

Reconciliation: Some instruments of reconciliation are mediation, restitution, persuasion, and other nonviolent behavior which are utilized to restore both the wrongdoer and the wronged to lives of dignity and integrity.

Segregation: Units within a prison that punish by isolating prisoners from the rest of the imprisoned population. Also called "solitary confinement". Dishonest language calls them "adjustment" units.

Unviolent crimes: Crimes in which there is no physical injury, often referred to as "nonviolent" crimes. To use the term "nonviolence" involves not merely an absence of overt violence but positive efforts toward reconciliation.

Victims: All who suffer either by collective social and economic or individual acts of violence.

From "Instead Of Prisons: A Handbook For Abolitionists"

In recent years, people throughout the world have become more and more aware of the urgent need for effective international protection of fundamental human rights. Reports have steadily documented the increasing imprisonment of large numbers of political prisoners (many detained without trial for more than five years), the escalating use of torture as an instrument of routine government administration, disappearances and summary executions of political "undesirables" carried out by semi-official death squads—taking place in countries of diverse cultures, economies and ideologies.

Despite efforts at the United Nations and in the field of international law, the world is still without efficient machinery to prevent these and other violations of human rights or to protect the victims. Perhaps the only alternative which has proven at all effective has been the force of awakened world opinion. This is the fundamental belief and experience upon which the work of Amnesty International is based.



DIET, CRIME AND DELINQUENCY

Chapter Nine; Conclusion

"Diet, Crime and Delinquency" has presented a substantial body of evidence that diet, toxic metals, food additives, insufficient nutrients, food allergy, lack of exercise and malillumination can all contribute to criminal behaviour. This book represents only a sample of available case histories and research supporting the importance of these factors in dealing with criminal behaviour. Criminal behaviour is a complex and myriad problem. It seems existing criminal justice system treatment efforts have gone too far in blaming social and psychological events as the cause of crime to the exclusion of biological and environmental factors.

Currently, the criminal justice system is going nowhere. Instead of spending money to seek effective rehabilitation for criminals and prevention of crime, the money is being spent on larger and more secure institutions and jails. Habitual offenders are viewed as hopeless. Each such declaration costs the taxpayer from \$7000 to \$25,000 a year. With over 300,000 prisoners in the U.S. correctional institutions, this is a substantial drain on the American economy. Additionally, each year over one million children are detained for some period of time in juvenile detention centres across the country. It costs from \$6 to \$35 a day to hold a child in one of these facilities. How much does fresh fruit, whole wheat bread and vegetables cost per child per day? Did even a tenth of one percent of the over 1.4 million individuals on probation or parole in the United States get any nutrition education?

Criminal behaviour is not just "in the mind." Biochemical variables do influence behaviour. In 1952, Dean James Simmons of the Harvard School of Public Health declared; "There is a special need for a fresh approach to the investigation of mental disease... May it not be possible that today we are spending too much time, energy and money trying to clean up cesspools of the mind, and that we could more profitably try to discover and remove the specific biological causes of mental disease?"

The evidence is mounting that a good diet makes a positive difference when working with some offenders. Dr. Roger Williams wrote that "We should not centre all our attention on how to treat criminals... we need to prevent crime." Removing junk foods from the delinquent's diet is not only warranted as a preventive measure, it makes good sense. The brain cannot be expected to show good judgement on a diet of junk. This book recommends that in all criminal cases the offender's diet and metabolism be examined before a treatment plan is chosen. This is especially important in juvenile first offenders.

It was Dr. Michael Lesser, a California psychiatrist, who reminded the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs of the wise words of the great 12th century physician, Moses Maimonides, "No illness which can be treated by diet should be treated by any other means."

(Excerpt from "Diet, Crime and Delinquency", by Alexander G. Schauss.
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UNTITLED

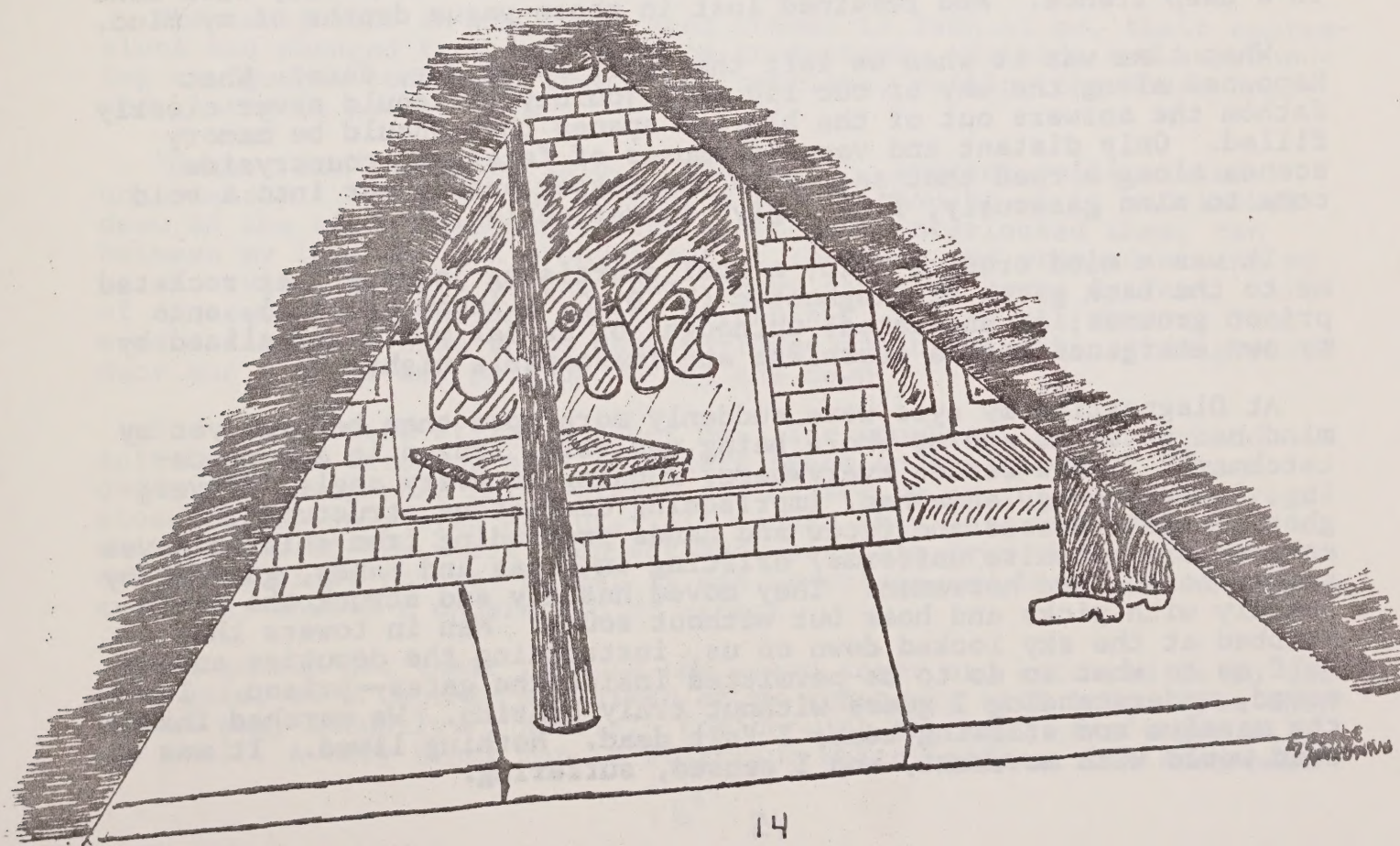
Dear Lord, guard my children tonight,
wherever they might be.
Take their little hands in Yours,
and guide them tenderly.
It's not their fault, their mom's a con,
and unfit as some may say.
Point their feet to higher ground,
don't let them come this way.
Take their little hands in Yours,
and guide them tenderly.
Don't let the critics of the world
scar their souls like me.
I haven't talked too much to you, Lord,
and this might not be the way,
But of all the things I've learned in life
I've never learned to pray.
But tonight I thought that if I try,
You just might hear my plea.
And kind of watch my little ones,
they're only nine and three.
At these last words the lights went out,
and the corridors grew dim.
But from many a dark and lonely cell,
there whispered a soft "Amen".

By Sheila Cox
Prison For Women

FLATBACK QUEEN

Nothing's easy about being the flatback queen
On her back eighteen hours or more
The only rest she gets is one the street
Or pressed against an old barroom door
The sweetman just takes all of the money
Oh, she sees that he's very well paid
Instant dreams come of how things used to be
Of innocence which long ago strayed
She thinks about good sunny hometown days
Of gentle breezes that filled the nights
Of phantom clouds that passed so slowly by
Of the stars with their hypnotic lights
Reality rips at her mind once more
And she must yield to its painful cries
As she puts aside girlhood fantasies
Reluctant tears slowly fill her eyes
She travels the lonely streets at midnight
Her body's not for sale, just for rent
Each minute is a life time of nightmares
Her soul filled with unceasing lament

By Tony D. Davis



"INTO OUTER DARKNESS" - PRIZED ESSAY

(Larry Joe Ross, a death-row prisoner in Texas, won second prize in the nonfiction classification. His entry is titled "Into Outer Darkness". The author is also known as Sekito Jiji Black-Elk.

"Into Outer Darkness" is one of several hundred essays submitted to P. E. N's annual writing contest for prisoners.)

PART I

I didn't know what the day or date was. I had been taken by surprise, and no doubt about it, the day I was ordered sent to death-row was one of the more surprising days of my life.

It wasn't that I didn't expect to go to death-row that caused surprise. The court had sentenced me to death weeks earlier. The impact of that sentence was devastating and probably at its height the morning of my transfer from the county jail to T. D. C. (Texas Department of Corrections) which maintains death-row on its Ellis unit. That morning I didn't seem able to awake fully no matter how earnestly I tried.

Breakfast and whatever other chores and transactions I may have taken care of from the time of rising - about 5 a.m. - until I was called out of the cell and handcuffed, chained and shackled, were done in a deep trance. And remained lost in those vague depths of my mind.

What time was it when we left the jail? What day, date? What happened along the way of our 150 mile journey? I could never clearly fathom the answers out of the blurred spaces that should be memory filled. Only distant and vague glimpses of faces and countryside scenes along a road that seemed to run deeper and deeper into a void come to mind gaseously, fleetingly, in reflection.

It was a mind erasing trip, a soul exorcising journey that rocketed me to the back gates of Diagnostic (T. D. C.'s incoming unit), onto prison grounds; an undreamed, unthought of unreal world actualized by my own emergence into a deathless and inescapable nightmare.

At Diagnostics my eyes were suddenly more open than before, yet my mind had no sight and my whole being was still frozen in a numb detachment. I saw fences everywhere, running at every angle, converging, intersecting, enmeshed, imprisoning drab-stone structures, ghostly white busses and faces and hands protruding from shirt sleeves and collars of white uniforms, drifting in lines and ranks, guarded by somber horses and horsemen. They moved hastily and struck the earth rapidly with picks and hoes but without sound. Men in towers that stabbed at the sky looked down on us, instructing the deputies and myself as to what to do to be permitted inside the gates—prison. I moved, understanding I guess without truly hearing. We marched inside the massive and stifling tomb; I felt dead. Nothing lived. It was a dead world with movement, and I sensed, suffering.

Suffering was obnoxious to my nostrils, mingled with heat, the stench of the naked and perspiring bodies of the dozen or more empty and glass-eyed men standing at parade rest and silent, awaiting I assumed, a place in hell. Suffering was the haggardness, the hostility and hopelessness dusting their black, brown and white faces; the crushing quiet that undermined and endured the flat quips and quotes and commands of the gray uniformed and dispassionate individuals who alone spoke and moved about the tomb.

This one is for Death-Row someone must have said or related perhaps by some sign or language I was as of yet unable to detect or comprehend. Everyone else in the simmering hot corner of hell understood however. And it appeared the message drew some from beyond, for several, in white and gray and some nude drifted through doors at my right and left and joined in staring. No expression of awe or pity, no words, only stillness and gazing.

I died a second and more complete death. It was safe to unchain and unshackle me now. A corpse posed no threat though being a "Death-Row" corpse meant something special. It was handled with more caution with a camphor solution and chained anew, ready for shipment.

PART II

It may be that the sequences of near break-throughs and alternating moments of stifling and death-like listlessness had finally come to an end when I found myself sitting in the caged-in rear seat of the panel truck, parked at the back gate of "Ellis" unit. My journey to death-row seemed at its end at last and in a way I was relieved.

The two guards in the front seat turned to look at me, their expressions had changed from indifference to sarcasm. Outside and surrounding us, guards converged from all directions, pulling the doors open and gazing in at us, at me.

"Nother one", someone said. "Death-Row", another voice stated uncertainly. I sighed and shuddered at the thought of it and looked down to the silver handcuffs, the chain that interlocked them, ran between my legs and was brought out at the back and wrapped around my waist several times. Beyond them, heavy shackles bound my feet. All of it seemed so tight and heavy, burdening. I hurt all over as long arms and roughly hewn white hands arrowed in through the sliding panel door and grabbed me, pulling me out and down.

The world stood still to greet me. The coughing, harkening and spitting, the stroking of a prisoners broom on the spotless cement drive and the gentle March breeze all ceased in an instant. Everyone stood still, only eyes moving. All around they were watching me, white faces of men whose deep set eyes were dim from thoughtlessness and doing time, focused on me. I was in prison and beyond, a rarity even they couldn't understand or accept.

The guards put their guns in the guard tower and escorted me to the back gate, to a Captain who aimed at me intensely with brown eyes then looked away abruptly. "Harris! Com'on with the key! Ain't got all day now!" A very black man in startling white uniform, his head bald

and the sides of it shining underneath his white cap raced out of nowhere toward us. "Com'n, Cap'n!"

With a smile he opened the gate, stepped aside and we, the brown-eyed and blonde-haired Captain and I, began a long walk, a shuffle in which, bound by leg-irons, I could only make minute and painful steps. All was moving with us. The drone of machines in the building along a side road, a prisoner innocently ambling from here to there and the lofty blue sky overhead which, as it drifted freely into eternity swirled the earth. My stomach churned as I yearned, loathed and feared. I also tried to think, tried to awaken and gain control of myself while the sun yet shined down upon me and fresh air could still be breathed. But then the gaping black hole of a door in the rear of the building appeared, an entrance to an outer darkness that would cut me off from the world for good. We approached in a ritualistic procession.

This is the end for me, I couldn't help but think. Even if I didn't die in the electric chair, how could I ever be free again? The ordeal I'd come through was formidable and if faced again, so cemented and structured and massive, just as insurmountable as at first. Then was this the end of existence for me, my doom.?

I limped up the steps and into the building, another world. It was a huge shower and though it was afternoon, quite a few people showered. At first naked bodies strut and strolled in every direction, then, seeing us, dispersed. Only a couple of individuals remained, quietly moving to the door to open it for us. Unchaining and unshackling me, but leaving me handcuffed the Captain gestured to it and we moved through, interrupting an endless line of men marching rapidly down the wide corridor, keeping peculiarly close to the wall, looking straight ahead, saying nothing. Into their flow we merged, though awkwardly. I limped and stumbled along, the cloth slippers ill-fitting, my body just as my mind, confused. Coordination and rationality was gone. I wasn't myself. Just five months past my twenty-first birthday, one month past being dropped from the eye of a storm with a death-sentence attached, first time through the doors of a prison, I was a wreck, demolished, perhaps beyond restoration but for sure, enough to not be me anymore.

Those who did stare in awe then, were not alone. I stared back in awe also, but found no succor. It all came back to listless and awkward walking down a wide and seemingly endless hallway, finally turning off and into a wing entered through a barred gate. We stopped in an enclosure, a picket. It was the front end of the wing which was narrower than the main hall we had just detoured from and only about fifty meters to its end. The picket was crowded with a desk and a cart loaded with dirty white laundry and enclosed by at least three doors and a guard and two hateful looking prisoners who rushed upon us, stared, turned and whispered secretively and began closing and locking the doors. Hastily the handcuffs were removed. "Get out uv'em", the Captain said and leaned against the gate to watch. Glimpsing his grin a heat-wave swept me within and without. The sun within had arisen, the the sleep and dream were consumed. I saw I had to survive on my own or die, and right away make a stand.

PART III

It was one of the most crucial moments of my life, the highest high and the lowest low point all in one, in a day devastated by uncontrollable vacillations. I stood in indecision even after being told what to do. The Captain had ordered me to strip nude and waited for me to do so, yet I stood in hesitation, concerned with what I might have to do any moment, particularly in self-defense.

The two prisoners had closed every door and now the four of us stood in the small dim enclosure, eyeing one another. I was thinking now, slowly and deliberately calculating what I had to do is this and/or that happened. I was searching out my true mind and principles and soul, not willing to overreach or underdescribe them to those that I was immediately confronted by or might meet in the future. I was trying to look out for myself, taking into account all the things, most of them repulsive and animalistic, I had heard about coming into and living in prison. Faced with a sudden test, a distressing and threatening situation, I considered acting, exploding, or reacting.

I stripped nude, never deciding, just cocked like the hammer of a pistol. Instructed to do so I stepped to one of the green doors, pulled it open and slithered into the small shower. My head almost touched the ceiling and my arms couldn't spread fully. It was close quarters and stale, the odor of bodies and mildew entered my nostrils and clung filthily to my flesh. The hard water spraying down on me and the sand-surfaced tar of oily-hard green soap I grabbed from the sardine can dish and stroked my chest with added to the sliminess. Still I stroked and massaged myself, again and again caressing my prickly bald head. I remembered Diagnostic, the head shave, the shower, the camphor spraying, the audience that had viewed it, only an hour earlier. There had been changes however. Now there was alertness and intensity.

As I showered I kept an eye on the door until—expecting any and everything—I pushed it wide open and eased out. Chalky white faced, his long and crooked nose bridging narrowly set eyes the color of which was lost in dark coves, one of the inmates stood directly before me but several feet away, his hands stuffed in his pockets. He stood bold, daring. "Man. . .you ain't got all that shit off you", he spoke in a drawn out voice. "Go'n back in d'shower". Though I hesitated, I went back inside, obeying him or just agreeing, or just trying to avoid trouble. . .? This time I came out ready, catching a towel someone threw at me.

"Big boy." The other inmate appeared, just as tall as myself—six feet two—but weighing I guessed three hundred pounds. He was robust, grisley, black and outrageous, his toothless mouth sunken as he growled hatefully, "I don' hurd bout ya ass. You think ya bad. Start some shit here and I'm gonna whip ya ass, hear me?" The white inmate moved in also. "I heard you's a black muslim. . .you don't like white folk? I'm white", he spoke fast, his hands still in his pocket. "Ain't no black muslims here. . . ."

Every word and sound merged, deafening me. I had enough at once and my anger surged. My sight blurred to the point of visionlessness. I was furious, tired of oppressive harassment yet when I spoke my voice was fearless, clear and controlled.

"I'm not looking for trouble, man. If nobody bothers me, I won't bother nobody." I returned the vengeful stare of the black inmate. Both prisoners stared, then backed away. I looked to the Captain. He hadn't said a word.

Catching the boxer shorts tossed to me I had no time to don them. A door opened and I was guided through, nude. A drab gray cement floor lined by a wall of dull grayish-green bars and a wall of red brick topped by windows, ran a striking distance ahead. It was a long way for the inside of a building. As I set out I saw from the corner of my eye small cells with black, white and brown occupants, sitting, lying and standing, quietly gazing at me as I lamely strode down the row to the steel barred door that creaked and screeched as it rolled open for me. As I stumbled inside the small cell I slumped on the bunk, beat and drained but finally there.

PART IV

I am still "there" you might say, on J-23 wing of Ellis Unit at Huntsville, Texas. I'm still on death-row as 1980 finds me yet struggling for life, notwithstanding freedom. The day recalled above was in March, 1975. I was arrested in the fall of 1974 on charges of capital murder of a police officer. Then I was twenty years old, now I'm twenty six.

Five years have elapsed since I came to death-row and many transformations have occurred. Upon arrival I was the fourteenth condemned man in Texas. Today there are more than one hundred and thirty men and one woman on Texas death-row. Throughout the United States of America there are hundreds of condemned persons and the number increases weekly.

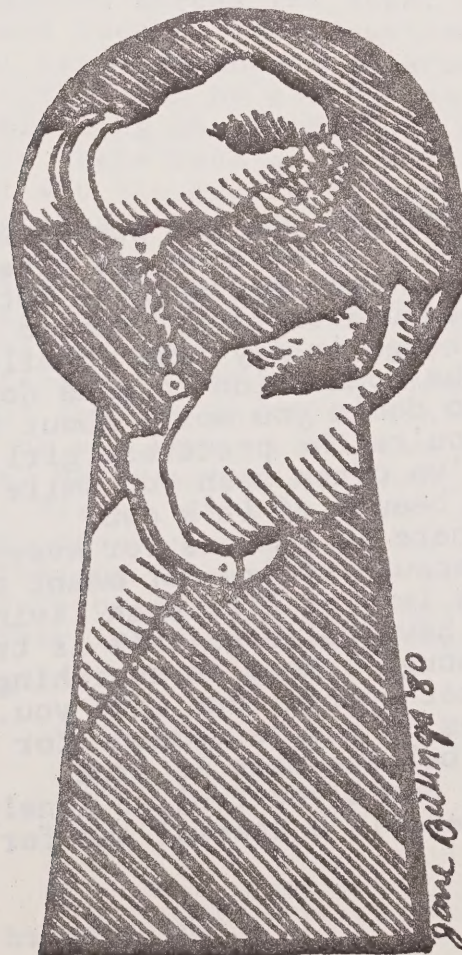
So far, since the United States Supreme Court struck down the states' capital punishment laws and new ones were implemented, three men have been "legally killed" by the officials of the states of Utah, Florida and Nevada. In the meantime I have had several execution dates but have survived to reflect on and share them.

Going to prison is one thing, for there are ways out, often certain eventual release. Going to death-row is altogether different. Inevitably something will happen, something drastic. One is saved or destroyed, and the obvious uncertainty was at its highest when I arrived. And those condemned and those who support their struggle for life, justice and liberty must not delude themselves as to the precarious nature of existence in slaughter houses. Things will not simply and of themselves get better. Worse, capital punishment is a tool and the issue of executions a means. They are manipulable, especially on the political level, as crime for example. For many reasons, as with John Spenkelink, time could run out.

Therefore those condemned, their families and supporters must take the initiative and attack capital punishment as the historically capricious and inhumane weapon it is. Such is what surviving the very deliberate and persistent threat of death is all about.

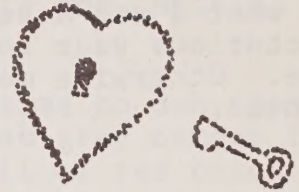
My greatest weakness and the main reason the day I came to death-row was so bewildering was my ignorance of so-called crime and so-called law and justice. I have learned the hard way and am yet paying. If capital punishment is abolished, mine nor your family or friends will know what I and a selected few others know and suffer. 1980 could be a victorious year for us if we recognize and respond to this impending issue. Otherwise many, like myself, will make the journey into outer darkness.

By Larry Joe Ross #52
Ellis Unit J-23
Huntsville, Texas,
U. S. A., 77340



EVERYONE NEEDS SOMEONE

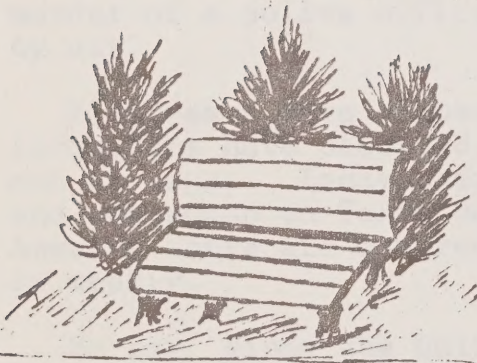
People need people and friends need friends
And we all need love for a full life depends
Not on vast riches or great acclaim
Not on success or on worldly fame
But just in knowing that someone cares
And holds us close
in their thoughts and prayers—
For only the knowledge that we're understood
Makes every-day living feel WONDERFULLY GOOD
And we rob ourselves of life's greatest need
When we lock up our hearts and fail to heed
The outstretched hand reaching to find
A kindred spirit whose heart and mind
Are lonely and longing to somehow share
Our joys and sorrows and to make us aware
That life's completeness and richness depends
On the things we share
with our loved ones and friends.



By Helen Steiner Rice

SOMEONE FOR YOU

Whenever you get lonely and
you feel so down and blue
Just remember you are not alone
because there is someone for you.
Though it may take a while for
the connection to come down
So don't you worry about it 'cause
you're the prettiest girl in town.
I've often seen you smile and
a beauty of it's own
There is someone for everyone
because you're not meant to be alone.
As long as I've been living
I have believed this is true
Though I keep on searching for
that special one like you.
Yes, there is someone for everyone
I believe this is true
So don't you feel so lonely 'cause
there is a special one for you.



By Richard Kienitz #40504

DEPRESSION

What day was it today?.... Tuesday, Wednesday, or perhaps Thursday??? He seemed to have lost track somewhere along the way. Ah, yes! Friday. God, that week went fast. Jesus, he felt depressed. Almost seven years in this dungeon of despair, and what did he have to show for it besides an ulcer, bad nerves and going balder every year. . . Well, tomorrow he'd get away from all the aggravation of these noisy machines. Maybe grab some young jasper and play a few sets of tennis, or just lay around and rap with him for a few hours. He appreciated another male's companionship, especially if they were between eighteen and twenty-two, and blond....but right now he was deeply depressed.

Looking about him he realized what a dismal place this was. Being forced to wear the same clothes day after day... Oh, he could alter them a bit, but basically it was the same material... such drab colouts... The continous clanging of the barrier gates as he walked from one part of the prison to another, and the informal attitude of the screws depressed him. Not that he needed their conversation anyway, but just the dirty looks he'd get. And the rattling of their keys as they bounced off and on to their hips as they swaggered across the dome, walking not unlike pregnant elephants, and looking like fourteen year old, fifty pound overweight school boys, advancing towards the ice-cream parlour. And hearing their tid-bits of gossip, mainly involving taxes, rent pay cheques, or bitching about the cost of this or that, with a James Bond book in their back pockets. Seeing this always made him wonder about who the losers in society really were...and that obviously depressed him.

The lousy, most often tasteless food, the dirty, almost filthy surroundings, knowing men who had slashed their wrists or hung themselves to rid their minds of it all, if only for a few hours, and some forever. All these things and more, thoroughly disgusted him, but then no one forced him into this environment. Like the others, he was here at his own choosing. Man is a victim of his own demise, he thought, and then instantly pondered on who had said that.... Nixon? In any event, he had made up his mind to change everything, once and for all, he was fed up with being depressed. Yep! Tonight he would talk it over with his wife. There are definitely better opportunities in life than being a damn shop instructor inside a bloody depressing prison.

By Camper

November, 1980

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND

As long as there has been crime, there have been theories on how to prevent it. While society continues to pay little attention to the real causes of crime (pernicious unemployment, racial oppression, etc.) "experts" come along regularly with some "new" technique to deter the criminal. Robert A. Lee, an Associate Professor of Sociology at Camino College, California, has advanced the latest miracle cure.

Lee proposes a "reversible cornea operation". How would this work? By using some formula, criminals deemed "harmful to society" would be blinded (the cornea removed) and released back into society. After ten years or more, if their behavior was found acceptable, they would have their sight restored; if not, there would be no operation. In a burst of logic befitting this proposal, Lee notes that, "The violent crime rate for blind people is extremely low!"

He never mentions the possibility of cruel and unusual punishment (perhaps relying on a Supreme Court which does not find life imprisonment for larceny cruel or unusual). Nor does he consider how people blind from birth or by accident would feel about being mistaken for violent criminals. With his scarlet letter plan, Lee concludes that the "hostilities generated from involuntary loss of freedom would be minimum and the specter of a bestial public would be mollified".

With suggestions like this from the "experts", the specter of a bestial public seems the least of our worries.

From "Jericho", a Newsletter of National Moratorium of Prison Construction. No. 21, Washington, D. C., Summer, 1980.

JUSTICE FOR ALL

Clarence Campbell, found guilty of giving Louis Gonzague Giguere a \$95,000 gift in exchange for services rendered in the Sky Shops affair, was eligible to serve a 5 year jail term. But the former president of the National Hockey League got off with a \$25,000 fine and one day of symbolic imprisonment. He served out his day in the court ante-chamber and the office area of the Court House. The atmosphere was warm and relaxed. Relatives and friends were there in droves to shower him with affection. The NHL gave him \$50,000 even before his conviction to help him with his legal fees.

Judge Rothman said when pronouncing the verdict that Campbell's actions were such an "affront to the basic values of Canadian society" that they must be condemned "as strongly as possible". However when the time came to hand out the sentence the righteous indignation had gone. The judge lauded Campbell's merits. Gordon Brown, another retired millionaire convicted for the same crime, received the same sentence. He too it appears gets the benefit of the "other special cir-

cumstances" cited to justify the one-day sentence to Campbell.

Then there is J. C. Parrot, president of the Canadian Union of Postal Workers. His father spent 29 years working in the post office. His grandfather worked there too. Parrot was sorting mail at 18. On October 16, 1978 he led his union out on a legal strike. On October 19 Parliament passed back-to-work legislation. By October 25 the postal workers were back on the job. But Parrot had refused to tell them what would have violated his conscience. For this he received a three-month sentence and subsequently served two of them.

In defying the government Parrot was acting in what he perceived to be the best interest of the 23,000 members of his union. In bribing a member of the government system, Clarence Campbell was merely lining his own pockets. Justice for all!

From Canadian Dimension; June, 1980.

GUIDELINES FROM MAJOR INVESTIGATIONS, INC.

For Prisoners To Follow in Order To Prepare Their Own Testimony.

1. The statement must be given voluntarily.
2. The witness should confine themselves to direct evidence. This evidence is what the witness witnessed themselves as apart from learning of it through another source.
3. The witness should write their statement themselves if possible. If this is not practicable, or the witness prefers another person to write it for them, then another person may write the statement.
4. The written statement should be in the words used by the witness. Avoid legalistic and technical terms unless the witness is sure of their understanding of them.
5. Only facts should be stated. Avoid giving impressions and opinions.
6. After the statement has been recorded, the witness should read it and make any corrections required.
7. The witness should sign each page in their own handwriting and initial any corrections.
8. The written statements should then be signed and dated by the person recording the statement together with any other witnesses present during the interview.

Major Investigations, Inc. 1240 West Pender,
Vancouver, B. C.

668-9628

Dear Editor:

In April of this year I wrote an article in Fortune News concerning an inmate's death—in Trenton's Administration Unit, which I happened to be in at that time.

Further, I would like to bring everyone up to date as to what has transpired since that time. Well, I had relayed in that article how the officers who were on duty had failed to respond to the inmate's call. And if these same officers would have made their rounds - as their job dictates - there would have been a great possibility that this inmate could have been saved.

The officers were taken out of the wing for a couple of days. I don't know whether they were suspended or not. The officers were allowed to return to work only after a few days. One officer had got a hair cut. If it was meant to provide some type of cover, he still looked the same to us.

Being that we had complained to the administration prior to the inmate's death they could not say that they were not aware of these officers. Therefore, they had to find a scapegoat. However, there was no need to panic. The Internal Affairs was created to deal with matters like this. A more appropriate name would be the Gestapo Squad. They are a unit that does the investigating for the Prison. In other words, they do the dirty work.

The first thing that was done, five inmates were picked out: Myself and four others. All of a sudden, a statement appears out of nowhere, after two days of investigating. In short, five inmates allege to have threatened this inmate to the point of making him take his own life. The inmates know different. But what about the public? Since they are so apt to believe everything that the media tells them about prisons and prisoners. This in itself was enough to satisfy the central office - who were now protected from any civil suits that this inmate's relatives may decide to file on his behalf. I just want everyone to know the truth surrounding this issue.

Since then, I have been transferred to Rahway State Prison. The administration here is also aware that I wrote this article. My contact visits were recently taken away because of some trumped-up charges that an officer wrote on me.

That means that I can't have any contact with anyone from the outside for six months. That includes my family, friends, and no one. Hence, the incident had nothing whatsoever to do with anyone who comes to see me. Yet the administration intends to deprive me of my contact with the outside world. This is clearly cruel and unusual punishment. And for what? Because some officer tells a lie on me.

And for some reason, this same officer has appointed himself to personally watch me - and harass me whenever he gets the chance to do so.

Right now, I want to bring this to the attention of as many people as I possibly can. I would appreciate very much if everyone who gets the opportunity to read this letter, write a letter of support for me. Your letters can be forwarded to: Mr. William H. Fauver, Commissioner

of Corrections, Whittlesey Road, P. O. Box 7387, Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A., 08628. I thank all of you in advance for your letters of support. Also I would like to thank you for printing this article.

Thank you,

Signed by Lawrence Hussey #62342
Rahway State Prison
Lock Bag "R"
Rahway, New Jersey
U. S. A., 07065



Society may have intended prisons to be "protective" mechanisms, but like infected tonsils they have become overloaded carriers of precisely the germs or problems against which they were directed. A removal operation is necessary for the protection and health of the body politic.

By Ron Bell, chaplain at Somerset, New Jersey County Jail,
"Fortune News", June, 1974.

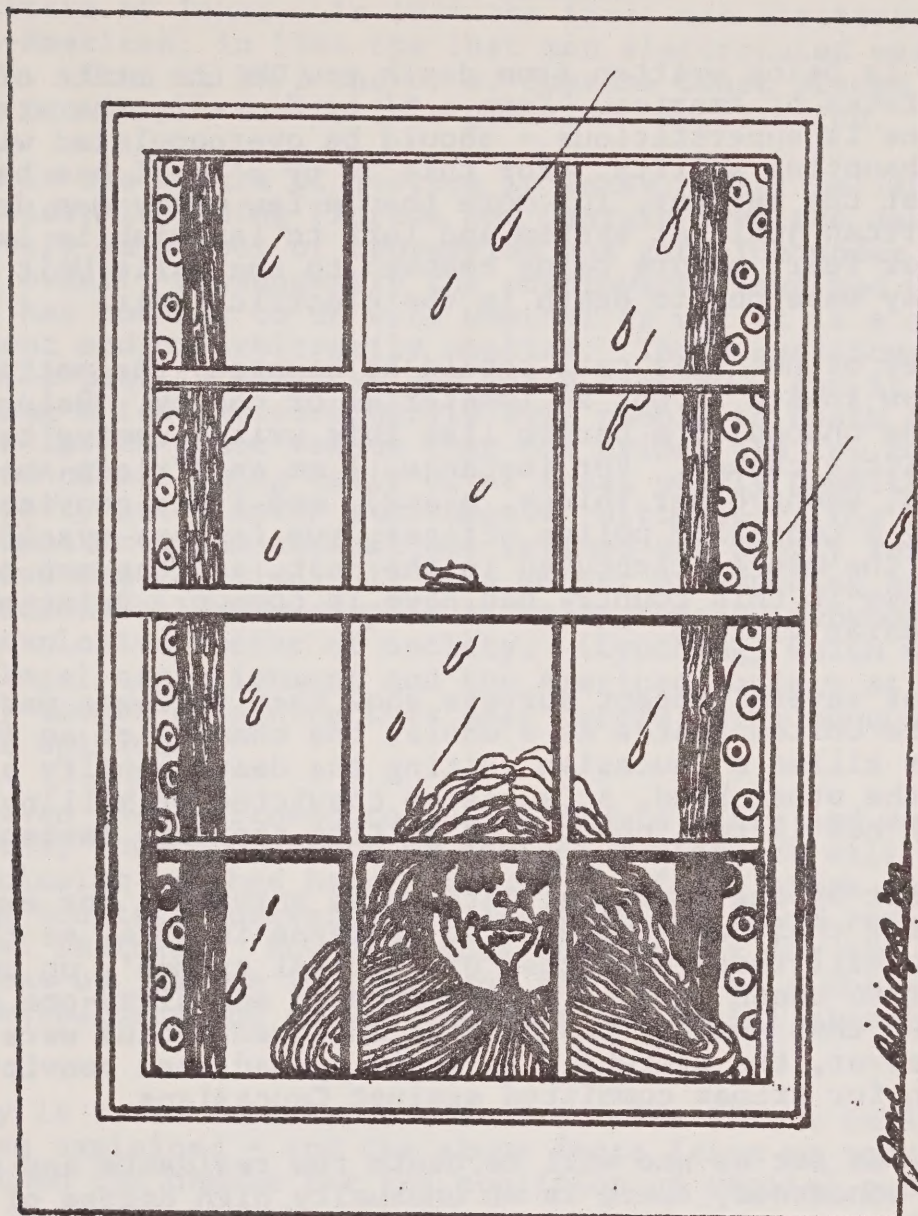
FARTHING

What journey this that we embark
Crown payment to the penal where
Some fateful deed or some remark
Has sealed us to despair
Secured away by what design
What strange measures mete
Where cold unlikely feelings reign
To torque the twisted obsolete

How have we come to such a place
And by what judgement sound
Such methods are with madness laced
With criminal bonds we're bound
Our years of youth have been erased
Our thoughts stagnate congeal
Til terrors stealth with nary a trace
Leaves reality left unreal

by C. Kennedy #2434
Millhaven Penitentiary

Gene Billings



FOR NOREEN

To the East
yellow lightening wiggles across the blue-black sky
like a scary snake.
I look around for the thunder that shakes the earth.
Next door
a pretty little girl watches with tears in her eyes
from behind a speckled window pane
as the wind brings the rain.

WHERE I AM

This article is being written from death row in the state of Texas, in the United States of America. From a 5' by 8' cell, the atmosphere of which - if one is superstitious - should be overpopulated with hungry ghosts and haunting spirits. For this 5' by 8' cell has been the home, or at least the retreat, for more than a few weary men driven here by the American judicial system and left to languish in loneliness, neglect and utter fear, before being removed to the Walls Unit in Huntsville, where they were put to death in the electric chair.

Unlike whether or not this cell should be haunted, the matter of being a death row inmate is not so immaterial or chancy. Being on death row, or the chance of a person like this writer coming to the row, involves little chance. For instance, I am an African-American (commonly called, among other things, black), and I was convicted of fatally shooting a Caucasian police officer; two factors myself and the majority of the men electrocuted in the past, and the men now sitting on death rows in this country had/have in common. Being black, and having Caucasian victims.

The results of several recent surveys show that in Texas particularly, and in the United States as a whole, the chances of an African-American who has killed a Caucasian getting the death penalty are 37 to 1, while on the other hand, a Caucasian convicted of killing an African-American has 11 to 1 chances of getting the same sentence.

Statistics kept by the State validate these surveys. For example, since the electric chair was implemented in Texas in 1924, as the means for the State to kill those convicted of 'capital crimes', up until the last man was put to death in 1964, three hundred and sixty-one men were electrocuted. Of that number, two hundred and twenty-nine were African Americans. Moreover, the overwhelming majority had been convicted of and put to death for crimes committed against Caucasians.

Clearly then, as far as who will be death row residents and victims of the State is concerned, there is an unusually high degree of predictability. Superstition is eliminated unless one goes so far as to say bad luck consists not only in being a black cat (feline), but also and perhaps moreso, consists in being a 'black man' convicted of a capital crime committed against a Caucasian, in the United States. For in 1980 just as certainly as one could in 1960 or 1940, one may rightly predict the majority of the death sentences in Texas will be issued to poor and racial minority defendants, the majority of which will be African-Americans.

As of now, they (African-Americans) are approximately twelve per cent of the U. S. population, yet constitute forty per cent of the death row population in this country. Texas' Prison system alone detains one hundred and forty condemned men and two condemned women. Approximately forty-three per cent of these are African-Americans; approximately fifteen per cent Mexican-Americans, and the remaining forty-two per cent Caucasians. Thus little has changed in the application of the death penalty in Texas since 1924 - which is as far as reliable statistics go - and 1964 when the last man was put to death

by the State of Texas. In 1924 the first man electrocuted was an African-American; in 1964 the last man electrocuted was an African-American. Then in 1972 the U. S. Supreme Court placed a moratorium on capital punishment due to it's genocidic application.

Such is the nature of justice in Texas. Yet, believe it or not, some states, including Florida and Georgia used the death penalty more extensively as a tool of repression and genocide under the guise of law and order. Consequently the controversy involved with the death penalty has nothing to do with whether or not it is a cruel and unusual punishment and/or arbitrarily applied. Those questions have been answered far back in American and world history. And it is not a matter of putting a few extraordinarily evil people to death to protect society, if for no other reason than the crimes the few condemned were convicted of are being daily or at least weekly committed and the guilty party gets lesser punishment. Ultimately, the real issue is the resumption of an ancient but refined and poorly reformed method of repression and genocide: It is a matter of exposing and eliminating a disguised intention to dispose of an oppressed, dependant and potentially explosive sector of society. (Lynching, which was sanctioned by the legal establishment and the American society at large, went a long way toward obtaining this goal before being conquered by international opinion.)

But even when narrowed to such a simple scale and so clearly exposed with facts, some proponents of capital punishment will still question the conclusion reached here. Though the facts speak for themselves. For such doubters however, only one last questions remains and I ask it out of fairness. How else does one account for the imbalance in the scales of justice in Texas and the U. S. as a whole? An imbalance which overburdens and drives the poor and racial minorities to their graves.

Truly it is an imperative question. For if the imbalance cannot be otherwise explained - and the above facts leave no room whatsoever for that - then the demand for the abolition of capital punishment is cemented, and must be met.

THE END

By Larry J. Ross #521
Ellis Unit J-23
Huntsville, Texas
U. S. A., 77340

"Capital punishment is a sub-human practice that should not exist. Any system that uses capital punishment as a "tool" against crime, as it is claimed in America, is a system that needs to be demolished and rebuilt from the ground up."

Willie Jaspar Darden
Death Row Inmate
Florida State Prison

I have just recently discovered that I am now part of this new segregation plan handed down by Ottawa, courtesy of Solicitor-General Kaplan! There is no way that I fit the bill as to the criteria they mention, but here I am!

As far as I'm concerned, it's a very grave injustice that is being perpetrated against me. I do not know how they can justifiy placing me here, but whatever their motive, it appears that I'm stuck with it.

I am going to exhaust all channels that I have at my disposal in trying to combat it. If that fails, I will then just try to make the best of it. I'm still having a hard time believing that this is happening to me. The reason for that is because I'm the complete opposite of the type of prisoner who, as they describe, would be eligible for such a program.

I'm known in here and in other institutions, and always have been, as a peacemaker, a mediator, one who prevents as much as I am able to, fights between cons, disagreements, unnecessary and unwarranted disturbances, etc.

In all my eighteen years in prison, I have never been involved in any violent behaviour, nor have I ever been known as a troublemaker in any way. I have never been a problem in any way, with either the guards or the cons. I do my time and get along with everyone and that is why this has come as such a shock to me!

It began two weeks ago, on the day of the recent murder that occurred here. I happened to be near the scene of the murder at the time, and I was locked up for investigation as a suspect.

As a result of that, I was then placed here in segregation, under the new segregation act, which means that I am to be kept here for at least two years and then let back out into the population for a period of one year's probation.

If in that time, I am even suspected of any kind of trouble, it would be an automatic ticket back, as stated by Kaplan and prison officials.

It gives prison officials such a broad scope concerning this matter that I see it as a complete farce, and the most derogatory thing that Ottawa has ever laid on us! More derogatory even than the mandatory supervision act laid on us, which has proven to be quite destructive and unjust.

There is no doubt in my mind that this new segregation act is definitely cruel and unusual punishment.

There isn't any recourse for anyone who gets pulled into segregation under this act, as all they need is suspicion! If a guard doesn't like you for some reason, you're in trouble! If you get into a fight with another con, there's a good chance you'll be scooped and that's it for a couple of years! No hearing or anything, we have no defence against this injustice at all. As Kaplan states, several regulations intended to protect inmates against being segregated indiscriminately have been tossed aside, called a major attempt to end violence and intimidation in prisons. He also says, along with other prison officials, that they admit the move could open the way for abuses of segregation. That's an understatement if I've ever heard one!

I know myself to be a classic example of just such an abuse. In fact, I believe that I am the most classic example of that abuse that will ever occur!

I am requesting that this article be put in your next issue of TIGHTWIRE to make the public aware of this very grave injustice that is being perpetrated against all prisoners across Canada. I am requesting that they write Ottawa to have this piece of legislation abolished under cruel and unusual punishment! To let the 'powers that be' know that it is a step backwards regarding prison reform and not a step forward.



Sincerely,
(signed) Cliff Maskery #4176
Millhaven prisoner,
P.O. Box 280,
Bath, Ontario
KOH 1G0
Dec.6, 1980

Editor's note:

I have been informed recently that Cliff Maskery has been released into the general population at Millhaven.

THE DEBUT

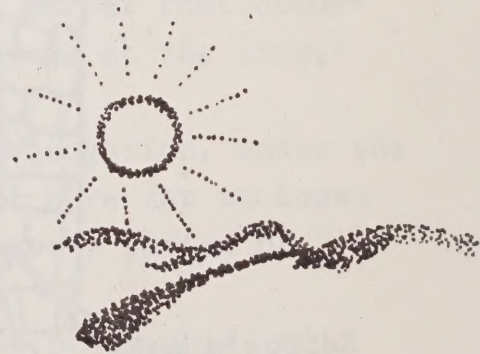
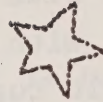
It's eight p.m., curtain time
She's so filled with fright
She's so scared she'll lose her lines
On opening night.
She puts make-up on her face
Her script's checked again
Someone calls her to her place
Ready to begin.
Many actors show their fear
Nerves caught in a vice
When her stomach settles down
She'll be cool as ice.
The lights are fading slowly
Got to be on stage
Has to get into her role
Change her fear to rage.
Rage gave in to her sorrow
How her body swayed
And she even sang and danced
When the music played.
She just took the biggest step
Now she has a start
She'll be reaching for the stars
Following her heart.

Tony D. Davis

GIFTS

May the gifts of God wrap themselves around you,
May your fondest dreams come true,
May your heart be filled with kindness
And the love I have for you.
May the sun shine bright on the paths you walk,
May there be wisdom in your words
Each and every time you talk.
For these are the gifts I wish for you....
And I pray the Lord will see them through.

John Myrden
Halifax County Correctional
Centre



Accept everything about yourself - I mean everything - not some things - everything. Every feeling, idea, hope, fear, smell, appearance - it is you and it is good. . . You can do anything you choose to do; you can enjoy anything you choose to take part in, to be aware of. You are you and that is the beginning and the end - no apologies, no regrets - you are what you want - because you are you - and who can doubt that - who could want more - you have everything there possibly is - there is no more - you are everything - and you are so large and immense that you could never find the top or bottom - you will spend a lifetime enjoying the search - you will enjoy every minute - there is so much to know and experience within yourself.

By James A. Gold

(taken from "Inside Out" - a spiritual manual for prison life.)



ALONE

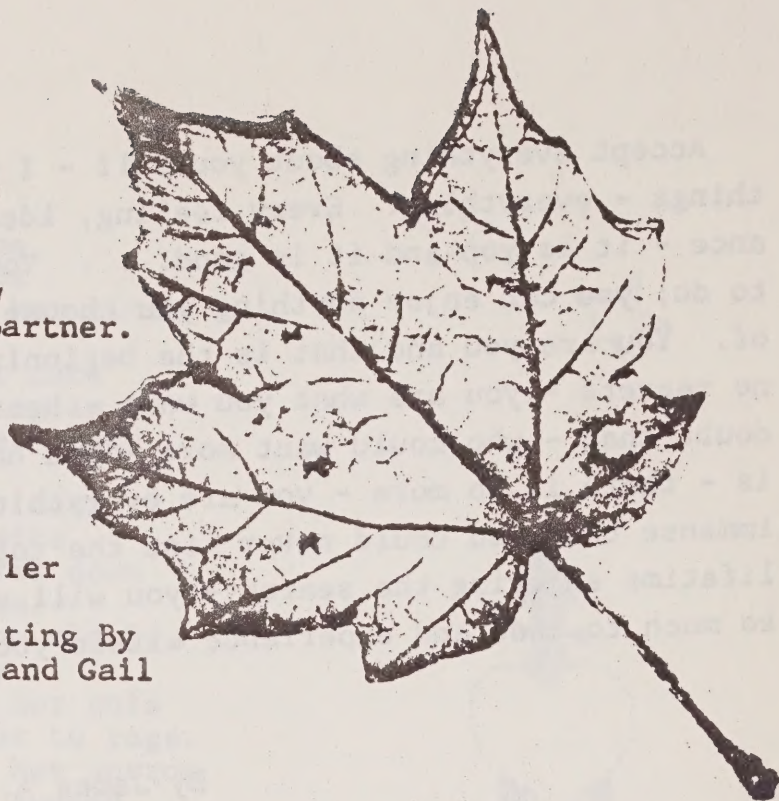
She who walks alone and dreams
will remain lonely.

She who sleeps with her pillow
only dreams of her pillow as partner.

But she who sits in her cell
and writes
will master this world.

By Deborah Hiller

"Songs From A Free Space: Writing By
Women in Prison", Carol Muske and Gail
Roseblum, editors.



Let's go to search for my soul. Let's
go and open up the prison gates and set
my soul free. Let's embrace in freedom
until the tears run down my face. To
unite, to be one.

My flesh will fight until it meets
with my soul. Smashed with beatings
into fine pieces blown away on the wind
—until then, my flesh will fight.

By Kim Chi Ha

One of Korea's foremost poets; currently
serving a life sentence—plus seven
years—for publishing articles on the
torture of political prisoners.

WOMEN'S BODIES IN JAIL

All imprisonment is a violation of the body. The acts for which
people are incarcerated are at their roots outcries for liberation
from unbearable restrictions, in the sense in which all "crimes" are
political crimes and every arrest is an arrest for civil disobedience.

Women, because of the history of our oppression, are vulnerable in
their bodies in a way that men are not. Some men complain of the shock
of the environment of enforced sexual limitations and the violence that
this often arouses in jail. But the body of the woman is all her life

in this situation, of being object, of being desired/undesired, needed/hated, fought for/rejected. What men learn from prison sex is the situation in which women find themselves all the time. In fact some women say they find the woman to woman relationships in jail a relief from the brutality of the male sexual scene in the street.

But even the friendships of women in prison are limited by a confinement, which being neither nest nor home, strains that bodily need which suffers when it cannot nurture.

Do people realize in how many prisoners the rhythm of the menstrual cycle with which our spirits, minds and bodies respond to nature's changings made visible and actual, is broken, shattered, smashed in the bodies of women in prison?

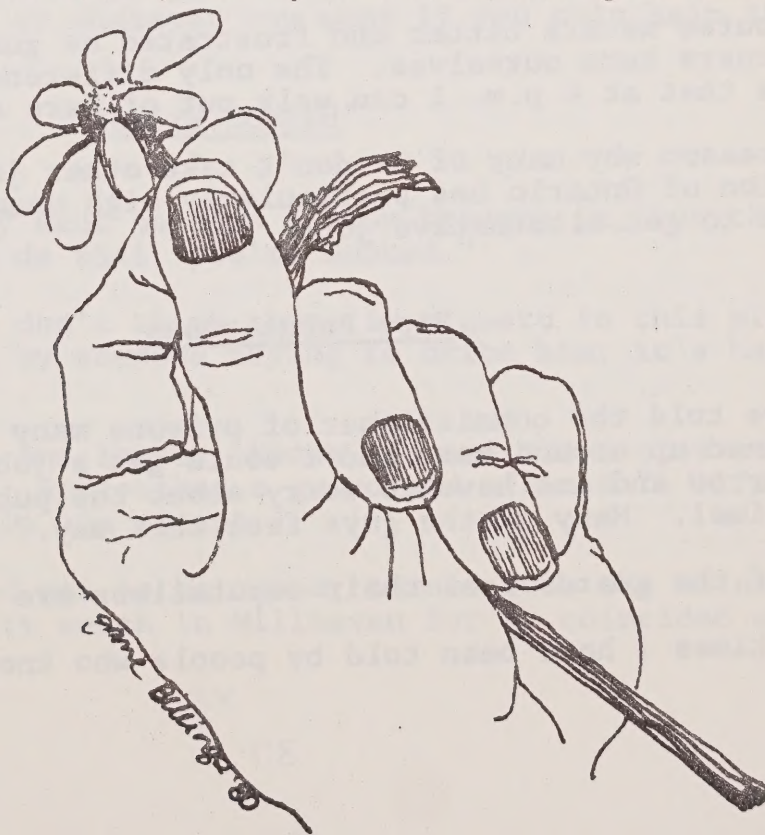
Today the feminist awakening shows us how the prison is the terminal station of the patriarchal rigidity. The woman in the jail cell like the woman with a gun, shows us in what way the world as we have organized it is in disequilibrium.

I have seen her body bleeding on the concrete floor, I have seen her dig her nails into the palms of her hands till the blood came as she clutched around the bars. I have seen her lying still on the narrow cot, wince when the gate closed shut for the night.

When we have learned to respond to the bodies of the women in the prisons, and feel their heat, we will open the doors.

By Judith Malina

From prison diary notes; actress, director, author and poet; co-founder of the Living Theatre, with which she works now in Italy; arrested for civil disobedience in the U. S., and by the Brazilian government in 1971.



MILLHAVEN: INSIDE A TROUBLED PRISON

Guards Say They're Prisoners Of System

In the centre of Millhaven Penitentiary, a frustrated guard pinned a sign on the wall: "Bang your head here — it hurts less."

The cynical message summed up what many of the 220 guards at Canada's toughest prison feel about "babysitting" the most violent criminals in the country.

They say their jobs hold little more for them than a life of constant threats, the perpetual temptation of bribes, no pride in what they are doing and a bitterness that often overflows into family life.

Gord Stringer, chairman of the guards' union at the maximum-security penitentiary, said simply: "There is no pride for guys working at Millhaven in this job. There is no reason to have pride, no self respect, just constant frustration all the time."

Three years ago, the Millhaven local of the Public Service Alliance of Canada (PSAC), the guards' union, said they would never talk publicly of their job.

They maintained that position until this series of interviews in the jail.

Tom Bridger has worked in Millhaven since it opened 10 years ago and has witnessed the violence, riots and sit-ins and smash-ups.

"I know what goes on here, because I've seen it for many years", he told The Star. "We are the frontline soldiers, caught between the rules that the administration makes and the inmates who are subject to the rules."

"Of course we are bitter and frustrated as guards. In many ways we are prisoners here ourselves. The only difference between me and an inmate is that at 4 p.m. I can walk out of here and go home."

"The reason why many of us don't take other jobs is simply because this region of Ontario has particularly high unemployment and it is difficult to get alternative jobs."

Poor Reputations

"I have told the commissioner of prisons many times that if another plant opened up around here and I could get a job I would be out of here tomorrow and not have to worry about the public accusing me of being an animal. Many of the guys feel that way."

Many of the guards feel their reputations are low.

"Many times I have been told by people who know I'm a prison guard,

that I'm too nice for that job", George Gibson said.

Bridger added: "You ask the average guard why he works here and he'll tell you it's because it's somewhere to work. I laugh when the commissioner says things like he's going to restore pride in our uniform and gives us a new badge for our hats — that's a farce.

"It will take a lot more than a new hat badge to restore the pride in the job; we have got to have a say in what happens in here and how the place is run. Right now, I would like to take the uniform off and burn it. I would rather turn up to work in coveralls than in this khaki thing."

Heavy Drinking

Stringer talked quietly of how the frustrations of working in Millhaven had driven many of his colleagues to heavy drinking or to marriage break-ups.

"The figures are something like 62 per cent of correctional officers having drinking problems, 68 per cent of them have some sort of marriage problem", he said. "It has to be related to the pressure on the job."

For it, they get an average \$18,700 a year and three weeks holiday.

A number of guards talked candidly of the continual bribes being offered to them by inmates.

"We have inmates in this institution who are in such a position that they can offer bribes", Bridger said.

"They have the backing of large organizations on the street, and they say simply they can offer you a life of luxury in the sunshine, a yacht, a new Cadillac, or whatever you want if you only help them.

'You're Hooked'

"At first, they only want perhaps a book brought in, but that is the first step. After you do that, you're hooked."

Stringer added: "I don't think there is a guard in this place that hasn't been approached by someone trying to bribe him; it's happening all the time."

Just two weeks ago, one inmate, known to have close ties to organized crime in Montreal, approached a guard and offered "a life of luxury" if he would help him escape.

The guard, who asked not to be named, turned down the offer, but it sparked a large security watch in Millhaven for it coincided with Que-

bec police intelligence reports that showed Mafia figures were planning to help organize a getaway from the prison.

Bill Walker, who has been "babysitting in Millhaven" for seven years, told of the staff who had accepted bribes.

"The administration here won't admit it, but there have been a number of people who have worked in this institution over the years who have fallen for the bribes.

"Funny enough, they have all resigned without any such thing as an investigation. It's all been handled very quietly, which, as we all know, is the bureaucratic way of covering up something without any sort of embarrassment to the correctional service."

Walker added that the majority of guards would prefer a full public inquiry into guards who were believed to have accepted bribes.

"Let's face it", he said. "When a guard resigns from here under some sort of suspicion, it always leaves a bad taste. We would much prefer that this thing is opened up and we clear the situation completely."

Bridger said: "I would prefer to allow a man caught or suspected of taking bribes his day in open court where he would be able to defend himself properly. As it is right now, he is simply called in and offered the chance of resigning, and of course, he does."

Easy Way Out

The guards cited an example of an instructor who was suspected of smuggling drugs in to inmates.

"He was called in and told that if he didn't resign, he would have to face the police", Bridger said. "Of course the guy takes the easy way out and resigns and simply gets another job.

"But who knows how much that guy made before he was stopped — maybe he made \$50,000 out of bringing drugs in here. Without an open inquiry no one knows for sure."

Walker added: "The instructor was told by the administration that they would prefer him to resign rather than tar the name of the service.

"But what they don't realize is that the people who are taking the bribes are creating troubles for us, the guards. It is us that are on the firing line, and if someone is bringing drugs in to these people, then it is us that could suffer.

"It is us who could be putting our lives on the line, because who can say what they will do when they are high."

Guards Threatened

"Every guard in here is threatened, almost on a daily basis", Stringer said. "I've had threats that inmates will rape my wife, kill my kids, burn my house; it's just something you live with every day."

"Most of the threats I think are hollow, they're not real. The inmates get angry and have to strike out at someone or something, and I end up as the target. It's something you have to learn to live with."

"Basically, it's a thing within yourself that you have to live with. I know if I took many of the threats to heart I would be a raving maniac living Millhaven 24 hours a day, and you just can't afford to do that."

Stringer said that some guards carry guns at all times because of the barrage of violent threats.

"Sure, I know of guys who have licenses to carry guns, and they drive round with them in their glove compartment. There are some who are always having to change their phone numbers because of harassing phone calls, but whether anyone will ever carry out the threats, Jeez, I hope not."

Rules Broken

The guards claim that many of the rules set out by the correctional service administration are broken daily by inmates.

"They are allowed to get away with a lot of things simply because the administration doesn't want to upset them", Bridger said.

"They're frightened of the inmates causing trouble."

Besides the unwritten inmate code, prisoners also have a written list of do's and don'ts issued in a little green book by the penitentiary service titled Inmate Handbook.

The handbook details how an inmate can behave, dress, and live within Millhaven.

But a closer look at the inmates' living patterns show that many rules are being broken.

Filthy Cells

Inmates are supposed to keep their cells clean — many are filthy and have not been cleaned for many weeks.

There is supposed to be a search of cells by guards every day — it does not happen.

There are regulations for pictures on walls, cell furnishings, deportment and dress, abuse toward guards, that are broken every day.

"We have so many contradictions to the rules that it is practically impossible for a guard to do his job properly", Walker said. "And that's where the frustration comes in."

"It would be all right if they made the rules and told us to stick with them, but what they do is make the rules, allow the inmates to break them, and leave us dangling in the middle, not knowing where to turn."

All guards complained that Millhaven is "run by the continual flow of memos".

"The inmates play a game where they are always threatening a sit-down or a smash-up or whatever, and what they really are doing is coercing management to give them something", said Stringer.

"We are always in conflict with the inmates over what they should have and what they are allowed to do."

The guards admit the inmates can dictate a riot, smash-up or sit-in to disrupt the normal running of the prison.

"There is no doubt about it", Stringer said. "If we upset the inmates, then they can simply call a sit-in. Or a smash-up. They use it as a weapon, they have little to lose."

"You always find that they made demands for something they want, and if they don't get it, the order will go out from the prison muscle that there ought to be a little diversion to give them something to bargain with. That's when you get a smash-up or sit-in."

Putting On Pressure

Bridger added: "By saying this, we are challenging the inmates; it is a matter of fact. There have been reports in the past few days that this place is close to a riot, but I don't think it is."

"It's more of a situation that someone might be threatening a riot, and simply putting the pressure on the administration to give them something they want right now. For there is no doubt they can close this place with a riot at any time they want."

"In the past, this place has been run by what I call crisis management."

"There have been threats by inmates and the administration gave them whatever they thought would calm them down. It's why they are getting away with so many things now."

Walker said: "As they get more and more power — for that is the name of the game in here, the inmates vying with the administration, and us guards caught in the middle — then the more power they want."

Prisoners' Justice

"And when you get to a situation like that, as it exists now, then they carry out their own justice among themselves. That's why there have been four deaths in here; it is the inmates carrying out their own form of punishment on inmates who have caused trouble for them."

"I'm not sure any more who is running this place", Bridger said. "I have seen a member of the inmate committee tell one of the senior management here if they don't do as they are told, they'll have problems, and that was just four or five weeks ago. That inmate is still walking around this joint despite the threats he made."

The guards, who have been repeatedly criticized and made to appear as goons by the public and by the 1977 parliamentary committee that studied the federal penitentiary, feel they have been misrepresented.

"I really don't think the public knows what goes on in this place", guard Bob Murphy said. "We are pictured as they guys who are always treating the inmates badly, always beating them up and so forth."

"Let me say here and now, I have never seen an inmate hit that did not strike out first at a guard. Right now the inmate conflict is not with us, the guards, it is among themselves and their struggle with the administration."

'Pampered Life'

Stringer believes the inmates live a "pampered life".

"Sure they are pampered, just look at what they get here."

"This institution has more programs than anywhere else in Canada. Some of the inmates are allowed to wander around 20 hours a day. The food is good, they have the run of the place, and they are supposed to be being punished."

"I treat all the prisoners in here the same. If you treat any of them differently because their crime is not as bad as the next guy's, then you get into problems. But you have always to remember, they are dangerous men."

"I would like to see the government take the \$400 million they spend each year on the penitentiaries in this country and spend it in other areas where they could help prevent criminals."

"If only they would spend more money on community centres where

youngsters can hang out, that would give them somewhere to go and possibly take away the danger of getting into crime. Because once they start there is often no stopping them, and we see them ending up here in Millhaven.

Too Late

"It is too late when they get in here; there's nothing you can do with them. But if that money were spent on the street, it would help people from ending up here."

After being gassed and subdued,
By a horde of Her Majesty's best,
With more than enough, I am sure,
Clubs, shields, tear gas and helmets.
They even had the nerve, to send a nurse to say,
Through a hole in the steel door, hey are you okay.
Yes, I replied, time will heal the lumps upon my nuggin,
But you can never repair, I am sure,
The pain in my soul that is throbbing.
Before I could sleep this night, my thoughts were not of this jail,
But rather in the deep of the sea, with my lady Miss Humphuk Whale.
To try and drive a harpoon by hand,
at you and be so cruel.
This more that I can understand,
to me your more precious than a jewel.
Yet today I felt the harpoon,
Nick and hit my torso,
Just like you my lady blue,
I am hunted also.
I am not the beast they think I am,
Even nor one, you.
Yet today I felt his hand,
"The hunter", after "yes" me too.
It really breaks my heart to see my fellow man sting.
I will always suspect you my lady,
Because you're forty tons of muscle,
You only do back slips and sing. . .Piroggi, 1979. . .

— From graffiti in the Hole.

Written by Bob Graham,
Toronto Star, Wednesday, February 18, 1981.

PRISONERS' RIGHTS

While the public is mistakenly led to believe that prisoners are "pampered" and have many rights, in reality, prisoners don't have any rights, even those which are legal rights.

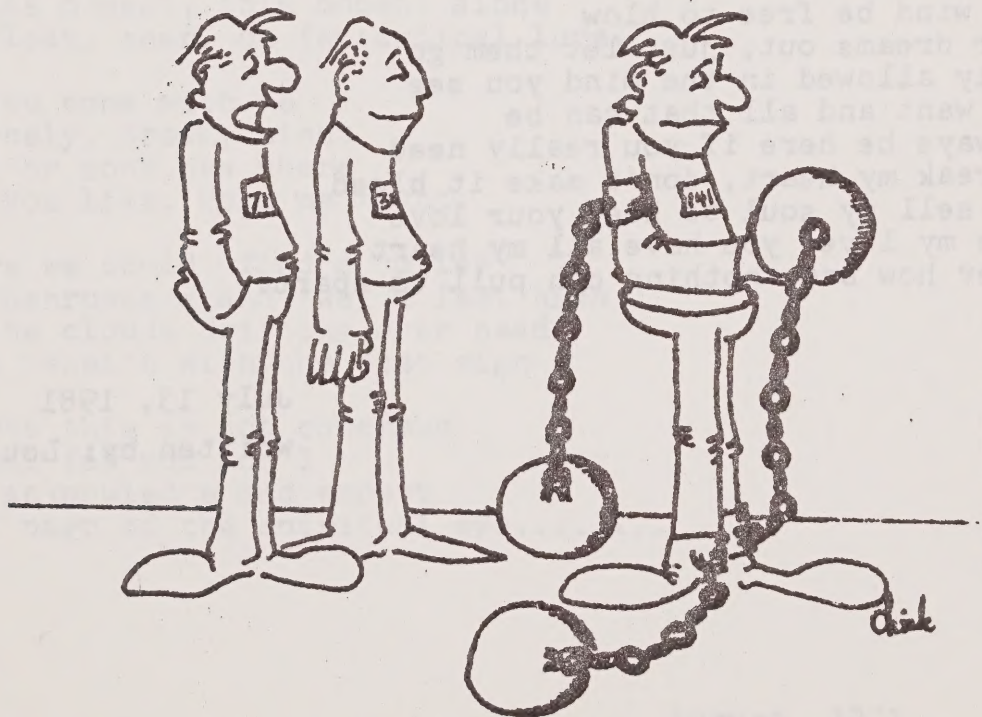
During the work stoppage at Collins Bay of the week of September 9 to the 13th, two lawyers who came to consult their clients at Collins Bay were refused admission.

These two prisoners have to appear in criminal court to face criminal charges, and the criminal code states that a suspect will be permitted to consult a lawyer.

Poor old John Diefenbaker would turn over in his grave if he ever knew what happened to his "Bill Of Rights".

It is a pretty piece of paper.

Courtesy of Tocsin,
September October, 1980.



"I think he's.... maximum security."

FRIENDSHIP OR LOVE

A long time ago you must have been hurt so bad
You walk proud with a smile, but yet are sad
I look in your eyes and yes it is easy to see
Maybe that's why all my feelings come to be.
Your intellectual, your logical and your strong
It's become quite the image but for how long
You use to love and could even take time to care
But you put up walls, no chances, take no dare
You're out to prove you are alone in the world and taking a stand
But why do you push away every caring heart and hand?
You hid your fears and you locked up all your emotions
It's done well but with inner conflict, now drowning, in an ocean

All I want is just to be your true friend
Someone you can trust till the very end
I'll always deep inside desire all of you
I want you to need me that I hope you do
Take my hand and my love, I'll never lead you stray
Could I? I would not take you if I didn't know the way
I fell in love hard, with that special one
We hurt each other, and wonder why it is done
I think of my lady and what is now behind
If I could have only talked through the hard time
For you I will always stop and want to be kind
And it's me, and time and the answers I need to find

Let the wind be free to blow
Set your dreams out, just let them go
It's only allowed in the mind you see
All you want and all that can be
I'll always be here if you really need
Don't break my heart, don't make it bleed
I would sell my soul to keep your love
You have my love, you have all my heart
No matter how bad, nothing can pull us apart.

July 13, 1981

written by: Lou DeMeyers

" TO A DREAMER "

Might I slip into fantasy
Illusions of purest delight
Just to lay back and relax
dream away the night.

Damn the concrete realities
For they are here to stay
I've plenty of time for anxiety
I'm sure I'll have time..... another day.

A manifestation from heaven
The dynamic Ying and Yang
Found in the fire of love
Which explodes with a silent bang.

A pleasant floating sensation
A divine spiritual healing
For in myself I realize
Fantasay removes the bitter like appealing.

Free to come free, free to leave
There is no past, present or future
Feel this moment, this moment alone
Flow, float, soar, oh fantastical lure.

Won't you come with me
Some lonely, dreamy night
Walk along some sea shore
And if you like. Hold me tight.

I'm sure we could find a valley
Where mushrooms stand twelve feet high
Study the clouds drifting over head
Release tension with one deep sigh

Of course this is not concrete
Only real for you and I
For we acknowledge and except
Fantasy part of the spiritual eye.....

August, 1971

Written by: Lou DeMeyers

WHISTLE WIND!

Whistle, Wind!
With all your might,
'Cause I have you beat,
On this cold, dark night.
It is I who is the strong and silent,
Tho' it's all the noise you make,
You think you laugh and mock at me,
And you make the world shake.

Well, laugh at me and mock you may,
But I will tell you from my soul,
There are many winds; I've heard the same,
But you see--my body's whole.
Is it what I've said, O Wind?
Or did I hear you faintly cry?
Did you stop your whistle and your laugh,
Because you know it's time to die?

By Judy Geehan

1975

Some Times

STRANGE HOW TIME RUSHES
PERPETUALLY SPINNING ON
BRINGING CHANGE after CHANGE
Felt IN THE WINDS SONG

SEEMINGLY TRAPPED
WITHOUT AND WITHIN
WALKING ON ICE
LACED OUT SO THIN

LETTER FORMING WORDS
WE'VE ALL FELT
PRAYERS REPEATED
WHEN AILS KNELT

STRUGGLING TO BE
WITHOUT TEAR DROPS
YEARNING UNTIL
THE BUBBLE POPS

SEEMS IT POPS
TO REAPPEAR
ANOTHER BUBBLE
ANOTHER YEAR

Handwritten signature

I went for a walk
through this building I live in
I came down from the range
and a pass I was given.
On it read "school",
that's where I was sent,
But down through the tunnel
to the gymnasium I went.
I wandered on in
but there was really no sign
Of life in the gym
nor any friends of mine.
Well, back down the tunnel
I went with a sigh
About half way on down
some people came by.
So we stopped for a smoke
and we laughed and we talked
We exchanged some small gossip
then down the tunnel I walked.
I hung a quick right
and headed straight for the kitchen
And mumbling to myself,
I thought "Aw, quit your bitchin'".
But I cheered on up
as I arrived at the screw
I showed her my pass, but-----
There were more people I knew.
Well, I stopped and I talked
had another chat and a laugh,
And we carried right on
for quite long enough,
Because the hack on the post
was suddenly aware,
I was going to school
and I shouldn't be there.
By this time the pass
I had got on the range,
Had already gone through
another time change.
I finally arrived
at the door of the school,
And I saw Mr. Barsky
trying to be cool.

Continued.....

I tried to sneak in
but he gave me the eye,
In his short pin striped suit
and a polka dot tie.
I snickered and smiled
and showed him my pass,
He said "clean up your act"
and I said "oh, kiss my ass".
He gave me a look
he thought made me quivver,
But the thought of a charge
made my spine shiver.
But he ignored my remark
as his plaid socks he flaunted,
And said "Don't come to me
if it's passes you're wantin'".
So I followed him in
and told him a joke,
And I hope he can laugh at the fun that I poke."



November 13, 1981

Mystic, Vast Blue Sky

I am a little
butterfly
I like to
flutter high
I like to sail
o'er the blue
Mystic, vast blue sky

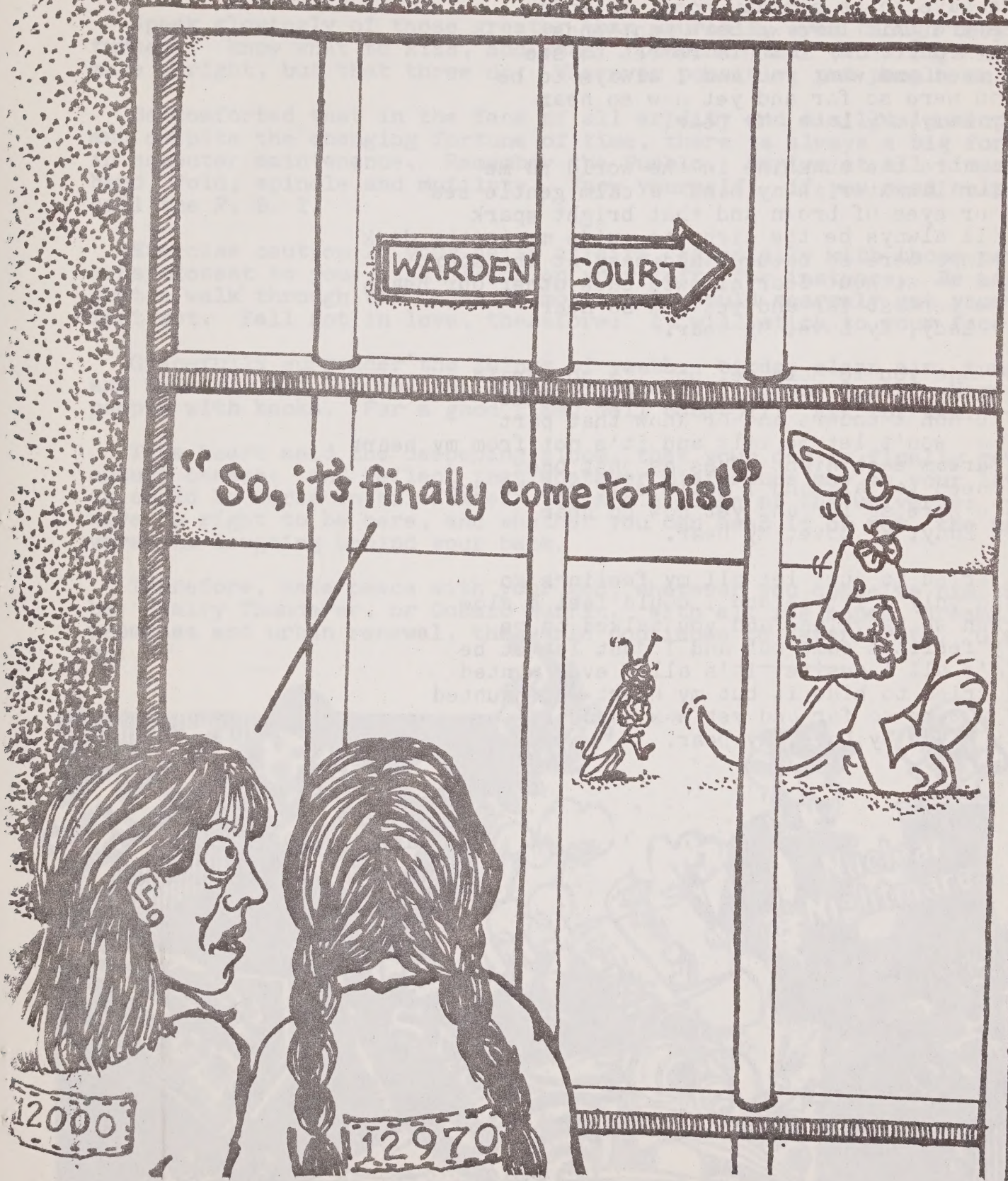


I like to land
where beauty lies
to feel the golden
warmth of shine
Shimmering moon
Falling star
Mystic, vast blue sky

The laughter of
the falling rain
The twirling spin
of dancing leaves
hypnotic coast
of fluffy clouds
Mystic, vast blue sky

I am a little
butterfly
I like to
flutter high
I like to sail
o'er the blue
Mystic, vast blue sky





MY LADY, MY LOVE, MY DEAR

I love you and always I care
But part of me would'nt take that dare
We have to be someday good friends
Before this love we both want ends
It's one thing I would regret to see
I need and want you and I always to be
You were so far and yet now so near
My Lady, My Love, My Dear.

You are the sunshine in the world to me
Your laughter in my mind a calm gentle sea
Your eyes of brown and that bright spark
Will always be the light to guide me in the dark
Things were so natural and easy at the start
And we without fear allowed each other our heart
You were so far and yet now so near
My Lady, My Love, My Dear.

I want you to hold me, but I'm so afraid
But pride just makes that feeling fade
You don't understand or know that part
That won't let me talk and it's not from my heart
I dream each night of us as just one
I need to talk and I believe it can be done
You were so far and yet now so near
My Lady, My Love, My Dear.

I tried to just let all my feelings go
And only a little and I could feel a glow
Then we sat close and you talked to me
My feelings came out and I just let it be
It's all I desire, it's all I ever wanted
I tried to hide it but my heart was haunted
You were so far and yet now so near
My Lady, My Love, My Dear.

July 12, 1941

Written by: Lou DeMeyers

DETERIORATA

Go placidly amid the noise and waste, and remember what comfort there may be in owning a piece thereof. Avoid quiet and passive persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your tires.

Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself, even though they be turkeys: know what to kiss, and when. Consider that two wrongs never make a right, but that three do. Wherever possible, put people on hold.

Be comforted that in the face of all aridity and disillusionment, and despite the changing fortune of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. Remember the Pueblo. Strive at all times to bend, fold, spindle and mutilate. Know yourself: if you need help, call the F. B. I.

Exercise caution in your daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you: that lemon on your left, for instance. Be assured that a walk through the ocean of most souls would scarcely get your feet wet. Fall not in love, therefore: it will stick to your face.

Gracefully surrender the things of youth: birds, clean air, tuna and Taiwan: and let not the sands of time get in your lunch. Hire people with hooks. For a good time, call 606-4311: ask for Ken.

Take heart amid the deepening gloom, that your dog is finally getting enough cheese: and reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot, it could be worse in Milwaukee. You are a fluke of the universe: you have no right to be here, and whether you can hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back.

Therefore, make peace with your god, whatever you conceive him to be: Hairy Thunderer, or Cosmic Muffin. With all its hopes, dreams, promises and urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. Give up.



ANGEL'S SOFTBALL TEAM

After what can only be termed as a very "up and down season" the Angels finally finished off tied for first place with Leonard's Junction. We had an eleven win, one loss record which was quite an accomplishment in light of the numerous delays, player losses and the usual hassles with officiating at the games.

Due to the late start of the play offs which ran into early October we had to be scheduled to play two games a day on Saturday and Sunday. These games started at 8:30 a.m and the second commenced at 1:30 p.m. In a play off series one game a day is very trying but to play two a day is really above and beyond the call. We lost the series three games straight but it certainly was not due to everyone on the team missing 100%.

Our pitcher for this series Gay Wise, who also won the most valuable player award for this year, really was put under a great deal of pressure and she gave it her all.

Our second base Marlene Andres came through as usual as was voted the outstanding player. Left field relief, Mary-Ann (Cookie) Gorring was voted the Rookie of The Year.

As Captain of the Angel's baseball team, and on behalf of the team I would personally like to thank Gary R. one of our school teachers, who gave up a great deal of his spare time to come in and coach and do all he could to encourage and help the Angels and without him I am sure we would not have wound up where we did in the league standings.

ANGEL'S LINE UP

Judy Geehan (back catcher)
Gay Wise (pitcher)
Sue Pound (pitcher)
Marlene Moore (1st. Base)
Marlene Andres (2nd. Base)
Beverly Whitney (3rd Base)
Caryl Radcliffe (short-stop)
Lou DeFeyers (left-field)
Dianne Voss (centre-field)
Marlene Whitehead(right-field)

Cookie Gorring
June Campbell
Cheryl-Ann Talbot
Lisa Knowles

BASE UMPIRES

Sandy Nord
Ruth Oliver

Scorekeeper
Janice Gamble

A special thanks to our cheering section and those of the population who got up early with us and cheered us on through those early morning play-off games. That hot coffee hit the spot.....

Caryl Radcliffe.

SPORTS

If I were told to write, in five hundred words or more, about how sports used to be in the Prison For Women, it would be a breeze. I wonder where all this has gone?

Our team, the Angels, used to be one of the best teams in any league and they would win nearly every game they played. For a number of years, they held the league baseball trophy. Every player had their name engraved on the plaque on the front of it, and also individual trophies were given for sportsman, rookie of the year, and most valuable player. Unfortunately, last year the Angels didn't have a baseball team due to reconstruction of the wall. Lynne Spafford has informed me that there is every indication there will be a team this year.

Basketball usually ran a close second to baseball. Everybody played and there again, individual trophies were given out. We didn't always win the league trophy, but we always made it to the last and to the play-offs. This year, few score sheets were kept here. This makes it hard to come up with any statistics, but from the score sheets that were kept by the recreation staff, the Angels haven't won a game this season.

The question I would ask is "Where does the problem lie?"

I think some of the problems are in the organization, participation, practice, and coaching. I asked Lynne what areas she was most qualified to coach in and she told me all of them.

We all know there were enough players at the games. Some of our best players had been fouled out because of unfair calls made by the referees. It appears they seemed quite biased toward the women here. This definitely does nothing for team moral. Some of the games that were recorded have shown the Angels to lose by only ten points. This indicates the potential for a good team is there if it were only cultivated by the recreation staff, coaches and by the participation of the women.

One thing I've heard is that some of the women aren't familiar with the official rules of some of the team sports played here. Lynne has told me the official rule books are here, and she will use them to explain the rules to players.

A Short Profile Of The Recreation Officers

The function of the recreation officers is to set up programs for the inmates and staff within the institution.

The qualifications are that the officers are supposed to have a degree in recreation or physical education.

I was talking to Lynne Spafford last week and she has given me a few



and would like to see them participate in things that have been set up for them. She would like to see the 'no practice, no play' policy. She says also that there is every indication for a baseball team this year. Lynne has a Bachelor of Physical Education, and has been working here for ten months.

Bob King is the new recreation staff who began in December of 1980. He has twenty-nine years experience in physical fitness and recreation with the Armed Forces. He would like to see team sports and individual sports going. At the time this was written, he had only been here a short while, and he also arrived at a busy time of the year. He has indicated that he would like to use his full capacity in helping us get good teams together, as he sees a lot of potential within the institution for good sports. He is also trying to get going with racquet sports and trampoline.

I also would like to add that there is apparently a budget for team trophies. Both Bob and Lynne feel this should be used, as trophies provide good incentives.



INDIAN COUNSELOR'S PRAYER

O Great Spirit of the Four Winds

I stand humbly before you.

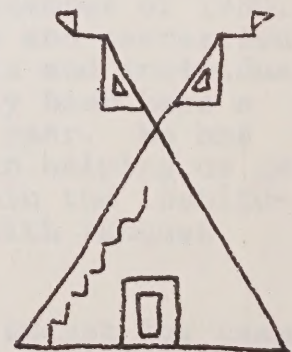
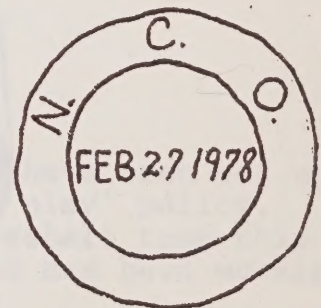
Give me your hand in Guidance,
show me the paths of my Brothers and Sisters
that wander alone in the Darkness.

That we might help them in time of
despair and loneliness. Let them hear
our prayers, that they may be uplifted
from the Darkness.

Courage, My Brothers and Sisters
For you are not alone,
We have walked the same hard road.
We may falter and fall to our knees,
But, we will rise, and continue to
our Destiny.

By J. Seaboy

The Indian Counselor's Prayer comes from
the Native Clan Organization in Winnipeg.



'Have You. . .'

Have you ever seen a falling star and made a wish?

I have.

Have you ever run barefoot in the grass when the morning dew was still fresh upon the ground?

I have.

Have you ever laid among the wild flowers and watched the clouds drift on by?

I have.

Have you ever seen mist on a lake evaporate?

I have.

Have you ever sat on a river bank and watched minnows swim by?

I have.

Have you ever watched the sun go down?

I have.

Have you ever seen the rain fall and felt cleansed by it?

I have.

Have you ever run through a wheatfield and played tag with your dog?

I have.

Have you ever seen a rainbow and tried to paint its colours on scrap paper?

I have.

Have you ever chased a butterfly and couldn't catch it?

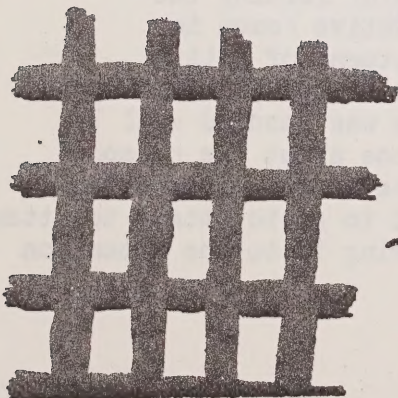
I have

I have

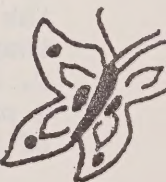
I have

and some day soon

I will catch that butterfly
and ride home
on its wings.



By Lise Pelletier



RIGHTS OF NATIVE WOMEN

By: Judy Geehan

A CONSULTATIVE CONFERENCE

On September 21 and 22, 1981, the Native Sisterhood at the Prison for Women held a conference on the Rights of Native Women.

Assisted by a grant from the Secretary of State, Carolyn Newell, Past President of the Native Sisterhood, played a key role in the organization of the conference. She spent numerous hours in preparation and lobbying with administration concerning conference dates.

Originally the conference was to be held in Ottawa and members of the Sisterhood were invited to attend. Since no one could go, the conference was held here. FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, A NATIONAL CONFERENCE WAS TO BE HELD IN A FEDERAL PRISON.

The conference was originally to be held in July, but this was denied by Mr. Caron, the warden here at the institution. It focused on the Rights of Native Women in Canada, concerning their rights in the Indian Act and the constitution. The first speaker was Mme. Rita Cadieux, Deputy Chief Commissioner of the Human Rights Commission. She spoke about Native Women, their rights and how they are being violated, particularly Section 12 (1) (b) of the Indian Act the loss of status if an Indian women marries a white man. Audreen Hourie, President of the Native Council of Canada, and Agnes Mills, of the Native Women's Association of Canada talked about Native Women and their rights. They also spoke about the problems surrounding Native women in Canada, the lack of education for Native people and the difficulty of women finding jobs and obtaining skills for jobs. Audreen also spoke briefly about land. Dan Russell, a Native lawyer from Toronto, also spoke about the Indian Act, Section 12 (1) (b) and the double mother clause.

The conference was a great success as the Native Sisterhood now has more resources and programs. As a result of the conference, the Sisterhood is a member of the Ontario Native Women's Association, Kingston Chapter and also have the resources to get their own drug and alcohol program. We have become more acquainted with community groups (CNWA) and also had the chance to bring to the attention of outside groups, our problems that surround us when we are going for a parole or release programming.

Press Coverage for the Conference

Press coverage for the conference was arranged by Mary Jande Lipkin through the Secretary of State office. She did a fine job of letting the press reporters know the conference was on the Rights of Native Women in Canada and not on the conditions of the prison or the treatment of Native prisoners. A number of the members of the Native Sisterhood were interviewed by the press and gave their views on the conference. This was handled well by the Native inmates. If the press attempted to ask questions about the prison they were quickly put back to the subject of the conference theme. A escorted T. A. was granted to one of the members of the Sisterhood to go to Ottawa to attend a press conference set up to promote the conference and bring it to the attention of the outside people.

Conference.....Con't

As a result of this conference, we would like to see a follow-up conference held. This, hopefully, will be in the foreseeable future and will be as successful as our conference in September.

Other people involved with the success of the conference were the Ten Plus Group who brought our lunches down to the gym so we wouldn't have to leave the conference or interrupt speakers and the Inmate Committee chairperson.. Of-course custody discreetly covered the security end. This included general frisking of camera cases, etc. and the posting of an officer in the gym office.

Thanks also goes out to the participants at the conference and the members of the Native Sisterhood who helped with the clean-up and their input into the conference itself.

IN NATIVE UNITY.....

RIGHTS
of
NATIVE WOMEN



"We've Just Begun"

INDIAN RIGHTS AND INDIAN WOMEN

Indian rights differ according to the personal life experiences and ways of the tribe. These rights involve freedom from the alienation of their lands to whites, freedom from invasion of whites, hunting and fishing rights on non-Indian lands, freedom from taxation, free medical services, freedom of responsibilities of debts owed to whites, and the freedom to practice their cultural patterns and maintain their language.

Who is Indian? And who has these rights?

12. (1) The following persons are not entitled to be registered, namely:

(a) a person who:

- (1) has received or has been allotted half-breed lands or money scrip,
 - (2) is a descendant of a person described in sub-paragraph (1),
 - (3) is enfranchised, or
 - (4) is a person born of a marriage entered into after the fourth day of September, 1951, and has attained the age of twenty-one years, whose mother and whose fathers' mother are not persons described in paragraph 11 (1) (a), (b) or (d) or entitled to be registered by virtue of paragraph 11 (1) (e), unless being a woman that is the wife or widow of a person described in section 11, and
- (b) a woman who married a person who is not an Indian, unless that woman is subsequently the wife or widow of a person in section 11.

(Quoted from the Indian Act)

It has crossed my mind on a number of occasions concerning Indian women who marry a non-Indian. In the Indian Act it seems that the men hold the upper hand concerning marriage rights. It's not fair that us women should be treated like "a piece of furniture" when we marry non-Indians. Whereas, when the men who have these rights and should they marry a non-Indian woman, she gains these rights and status of an Indian. When an Indian woman who has these rights and marries a non-Indian man, she loses her rights and is stripped of her identity as an Indian by pronouncing her non-Status. We should be given the same privilege as the men to hold our status and not be discriminated against for marrying a non-Indian.

If Indian men who are status and have these rights to marry a non-Indian - how would they feel if they were faced with losing their rights by this marriage to a non-Indian???? I need feedback on how they would feel if such an Act was proposed and that if this certain Act can be put in effect as it is with us women.

when an Indian woman marries a non-Indian. I would also like to hear from Indian women on how they feel when the Indian men marry non-Indians. What is your reaction or feelings on such a matter???

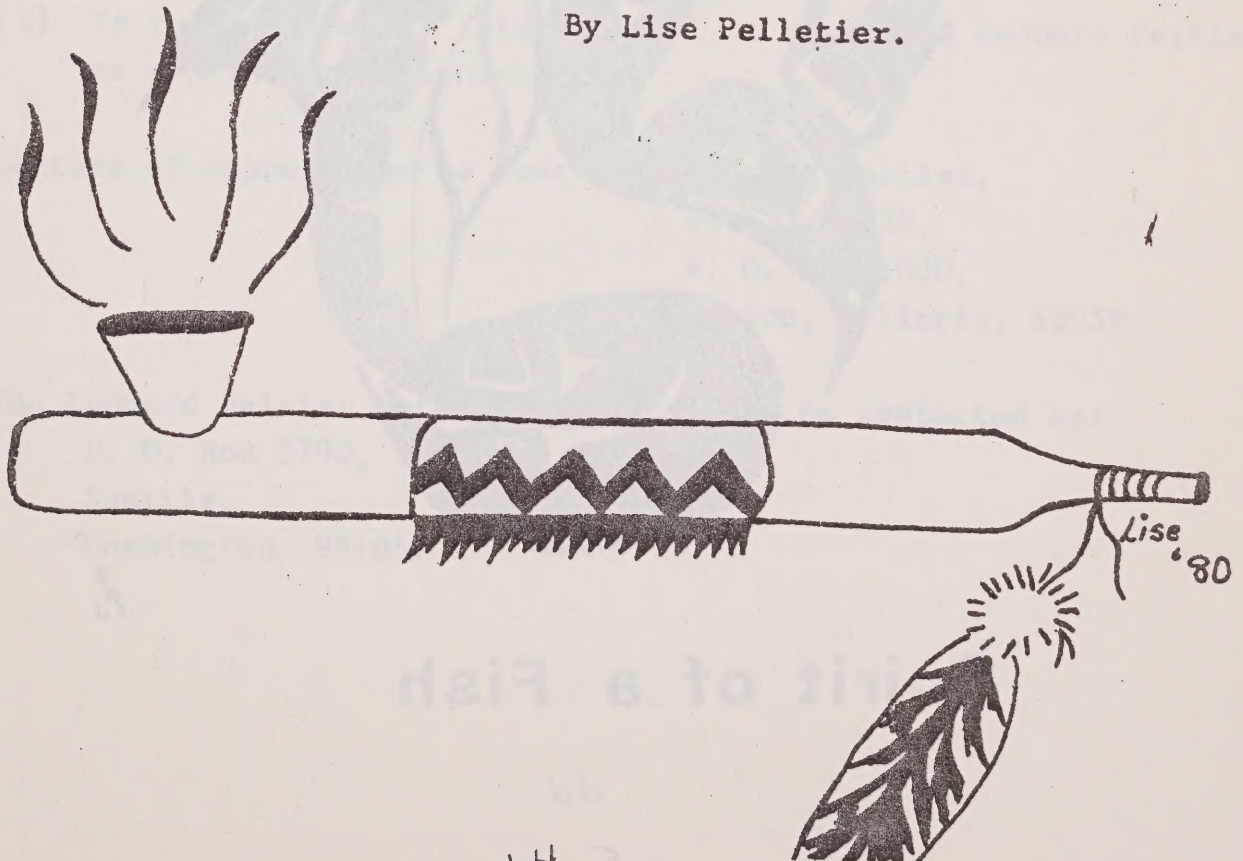
Another thing I'd like to bring to your attention concerns Indian women who are status and gay. If this Indian woman should want to engage in marriage with another woman and this woman need not be white or Indian - would this woman she marries gain rights and status by such a marriage if it was recognized in a court of law?? Or would she lose her rights by such a marriage?? It could happen at some point in time that gay marriages will be recognized. And it should be dealt with before it does come into effect. It would be sad knowing that Indian women could lose their rights if they should engage in such a marriage. This does not imply that I am gay or against such an activity as two women marrying one another.

I would like to hear from Indian women and other women regarding such a marriage. I also need more information on what is being done on Indian women and their rights concerning marriage to a non-Indian.

Could someone please write and tell me why the Indian Act is specifically excluded from the new Human Rights Act??????????????

I did not think up this article because I have lost my rights or anything to that effect. I am only trying to bring it to people's attention and get more information. I am Status.

By Lise Pelletier.





Spirit of a Fish

LEONARD PELTIER: THE CONTINUOUS STRUGGLE

Leonard Peltier, 36, a Sioux Indian, who was involved with the American Indian Movement on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota and who was convicted in 1977 of murdering two F. B. I. agents, is now in the behaviour modification 'control' unit at the Marion Federal Prison in Illinois.

The Leonard Peltier Defense Committee is now seeking support internationally for three goals:

- (1) To close the Control Unit (behaviour modification) at the Marion Prison. To protest the use of the unit, and to express concern for the treatment of Leonard Peltier, write:

Norman Carlson, Director,
U. S. Bureau of Prisons,
Washington, D. C., 20515.

Warden Fenton,
USP - P. O. Box 1000,
Marion, Illinois, 62959.

Congressman Ronald V. Dellums,
2464 Rayburn Building,
Washington, D. C., 20515.

- (2) To form an international tribunal to hear the case of Leonard Peltier.
- (3) To request Amnesty International to recognize Leonard Peltier as a prisoner of conscience.

Letters of support can be sent to: Leonard Peltier,
#89637 - 132,
P. O. Box 1000,
Marion, Illinois, 62959.

The Leonard Peltier Defense Committee can be contacted at:
P. O. Box 5790,
Seattle,
Washington, 98105.

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